The Nation.

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EDITORIAL

HEADING OFF JACKSON

Just when the Democrats thought it was safe to go back in the tepid waters of me-too politics, the specter of Jesse Jackson rises again to shatter their calm. Their hope that Jackson could be contained in the nightmare world of Washington has been dashed by his refusal to run for Mayor. Now it appears that he will resume his presidential campaign for 1992, and if the primaries are timed in an advantageous way, he may have his best shot yet at a place on the ticket.

"Stop Jackson" strategies are being kited in all the columns. According to the prevailing fear-fantasy, Jackson would get a boost from Iowa farmers in the caucuses there, then win a plurality in an early, crowded California primary and top it off with another landslide in the South on Super Tuesday. It would be all over by the end of March. Naturally, "national" Democrats are pressuring their California colleagues not to move the primary from June to March, when it would do Jackson the most good.

Jackson terrifies the neoliberal apparatchiks of the party establishment precisely because he represents the emergence of their repressed political conscience. He raises the issues they have rejected, he organizes the constituencies they have abandoned, he projects the vision they have denied. For his pains (he is far and away the hardest-working Democrat in the country) they belittle his causes and blame their own national defeats on his presence.

Democrats have been losing the presidency because they say little and stand for nothing that most Americans think is worth voting for. Their fear that Jackson in the race—or on the ticket—will spell certain defeat is misplaced. Carter, Mondale and Dukakis flopped on their own. The next centrist clones will find the same fate until some slow wit realizes that only a new, truly democratic politics can produce a winner.

GUIDELINES FOR GERMANY
Denis MacShane

REAGAN-BUSH AT 9
Ralph Nader
Mark Green

HOW AFRICANS VIEW AIDS
Bruce E. Fleming

THE N.E.D.'S EX-NAZI
Chip Berlet
Holly Sklar

EDWARD ABBEY, ECOWARRIOR
Erik Ness

OUR S.O.B. NORIEGA
Mark Perry

SOCIAL SECURITY WARS

CONFESSIONS OF A GREEDY GEEZER

JOHN L. HESS

I see by the papers, damn near every day, that I'm a Greedy Geezer. Not any old Greedy Geezer, either, but one of those quintessentially avaricious members of the breed called Notch Babies, hailed by *The New Republic* in a widely quoted tribute as "spiteful, singleminded, and, to the uninitiated, deeply baffling—a parody of a special interest group." Another common compliment was rendered by George Will in *Newsweek* this way: "The elderly are not more rapacious than the rest of us, they are just better at being so." The general idea is that we take time from our golf and our yachting to scare the daylights out of politicians. But if we're such a holy terror, how come they keep giving us the lumps? How did we let them build up this caricature to cover up a different agenda of greed? How did we let them fake a Social Security crisis in order to raise the taxes of working people and reduce their benefits? How could they adopt the Catastrophic Medicare Act of 1988, a regressive measure that included the first income tax on old age, and sell it to the news media as a tax on the rich to help the poor? As if any such Robin Hood measure could have passed Congress in the 1980s, and as if President Reagan would have signed it!

I had better explain about the Notch. Back in 1972, in what appeared to be a final spasm of kindliness, Congress tied Social Security pensions to the Consumer Price Index and sent them on their way. As the influential Heritage Foundation has recalled, this was done "partly because many conservatives believed that it would temper the pace of in-

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LETTERS.

LIBRARIANS UNITE!

Middletown, Conn.

Regardless of one's opinion of Martin Sherwin's editorial "Gorby and Z" [Feb. 12] about "To the Stalin Mausoleum" by "Z," one must agree that his last sentence perpetuates an invidious stereotype about librarians. He hopes that Z "works in a library," implying that librarians lack power, influence or thoughtful opinions worth stating.

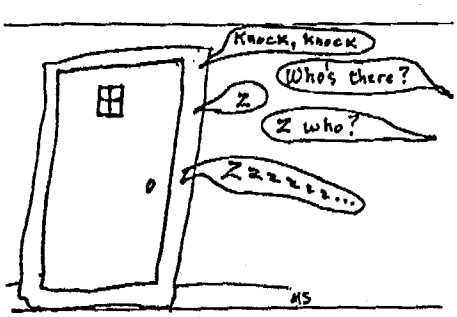
Academics and government officials rely heavily on skilled information professionals to select and evaluate materials appropriate for the research process. Professor Sherwin's parochial view of the library profession reveals an intellectual arrogance that vitiates his primary thesis. Would he devalue any other profession this blatantly?

Erhard F. Konerding
Alan J. Nathanson
Penny Russman
Wesleyan University Library

SHERWIN REPLIES

Belmont, Mass.

I am pleased to have this opportunity to apologize sincerely to all librarians offended by the concluding sentence of my editorial about the *Daedalus* article by "Z." It certainly was not my intention to demean the value or status of librarians, whose professionalism and influence I, and all historians, respect and appreciate. My statement, "If Z is a government official, we can only hope that he (a copy editor at *The Nation* added "or she") works in a library," referred to James Billington, who is the Librarian of Congress. At the time of writing, Billington, along with Robert Gates, Deputy National Security Adviser, and Dennis Ross, the director of the State Department's Policy Planning Staff, was one of the three leading Z suspects mentioned prominently in the press. In that company I stand by my stated preference.



Anticipating other letters to the editor, I apologize.

Martin J. Sherwin

MYTH MEETS MYTH

New York City

Antonio Stevens-Arroyo's recent article on Puerto Rico's future political status, "Prisoners of Many Myths" [Jan. 22], is itself a prisoner of many myths, as well as of inaccuracies. Stevens-Arroyo's overview of the debilitating myths he feels irrationally divide Puerto Ricans in terms of statehood, commonwealth and independence is largely ahistorical and arbitrary. The problems of the independence movement are, for example, reduced to the "harshness" of its message, while the "myths" he attributes to either the commonwealth or statehood movements could easily be applied to the other.

Stevens-Arroyo's purpose in exposing these myths is, apparently, to make the case for what he considers the "logical" resolution represented by the transfer of powers formulation or the Marshall Islands model. Stevens-Arroyo's supposedly more rational course relies as well on the acceptance by the people of Puerto Rico of an undefined "spellbinding new myth." He appears in the end to be endorsing the myths of imperial benevolence and those underlying neocolonialism. These myths will, I hope, never prove spellbinding or seem new to the Puerto Rican people.

Stevens-Arroyo inaccurately reports that plans are being made to hold that referendum in 1990, while Senate bill 712, the major piece of legislation being discussed by all parties, optimistically proposes holding this vote on June 4, 1991. He also neglects to point out the significant differences between the current proposal and the 1967 plebiscite: the serious consideration of including the so-called "self-executing provisions" in this legislation that would make the referendum vote binding on Congress, and the fact that the referendum would be sponsored by Congress this time around, while the 1967 vote was not.

He also inexplicably omits any mention of the role of Puerto Ricans living in the United States in the proposed referendum process. Because of a series of developments too complex to mention here, the majority of the 2.5 million *boricuas* in the United States have expressed a strong desire to have the right to participate in the status vote. The current debate has therefore rekindled a discussion about the role in determining the future status of their homeland of the 43 percent of the Puerto Rican people outside the island.

In other words, Stevens-Arroyo winds up multiplying instead of debunking the myths about the political status of Puerto Rico. Rather than the rationality he condescendingly proposes, he leaves us even more confused about the already confusing and seemingly intractable colonial dilemma facing both the United States and Puerto Rico.

Angelo Falcón, President
Institute for Puerto Rican Policy

STEVENS-ARROYO REPLIES

Somerset, N.J.

My friend Angelo Falcón well deserves his unofficial title as letter to the editor writer par excellence of the Puerto Rican community. Touché on the issue of a 1991 plebiscite! During the initial drafting of this article, the Senate entertained three different projects, and the date of June 1991 was included in only one version. Although I was correct initially to suggest 1990 for the earliest possible date of the approved bill, I should have inserted the year 1991 into my piece before it went to print.

Still, I wrote about political psyches confronting Puerto Rico, and the plebiscite, whether held in 1990, 1991, 1992 or never, serves only as example. Similarly, I omitted the important issues of "self-executing provisions" and stateside *boricuas*' participation, not out of ignorance but because they were not essential to my focus upon people and the elemental emotional symbols of a society.

Ironically, Falcón's letter proves the validity of my description of the mythic quality that status exercises over Puerto Ricans. His ire reflects how myth induces one Puerto Rican to attack others, thus squandering energies. He finds the myths irrational, "ahistorical and arbitrary"—as well he might, because otherwise they wouldn't be myths. And I'm afraid he misunderstands the article if he thinks I proposed a particular "rational" solution here. I mentioned several proposals, all lacking popular support, to show the gap between what is logical and what is politically possible at the present time. It must be hard for Angelo, who does such a fine job of examining computer-generated statistics, to have to deal with myth and the ambiguities of a cluttered world.

I find unfortunate his insinuation that I endorse neocolonialism. I have been engaged in the Puerto Rican nationalist struggle considerably longer than Falcón has and have paid a far greater personal and professional price for my convictions than he. It is strange that a man whose salary is paid with funds eagerly sought from large capitalist foundations should accuse others of accepting "imperial benevolence."

Antonio M. Stevens-Arroyo

AUTHOR'S QUERY

I'm confident that there are a large number of informative and humorous letters that have been sent to *The New York Times* but which were never printed because of the *Times*'s reluctance to open its letters page to a progressive perspective. I am trying to obtain some of these letters for a book of rejected letters to the *Times*. A book of this type may not only provide entertaining reading but also pressure the *Times* to be more balanced on its letters page, if not in its news coverage. Proceeds from the book will go to Fairness and Accuracy in Reporting (FAIR).

Dean Baker
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EDITORIALS.

Getting There

Time was when one measure of domestic progress was the steady shrinking of boundaries; when bus lines and rail lines, highways and even air transport linked the farmer to the town, the small-town adventurer to the city, and almost all, at least in principle, to the markets of America via cheap and abundant freight networks. The Greyhound strike, which has left people in thousands of communities cut off from the rest of the country, unable to travel to out-of-town weddings and funerals, to meet appointments for medical treatment, to receive deliveries of some goods, has revealed the tenuous nature of transport in a monopoly situation. As usual, public concern over the strike has rested mostly on the matter of consumer inconvenience—especially justified in this case since bus travelers are overwhelmingly poor or old or disabled, and often all three—but what of the communities for whom this kind of isolation is a feature of everyday life?

The dislocation we now see is but a window onto the devastation of transport caused by the deregulatory actions of

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the late 1970s and early 1980s. Between 1982, when interstate buses were deregulated, and 1986, 3,763 communities were struck from the routes (as compared with 401 added). About 80 percent of those communities had populations of 10,000 or less. Another 751 towns suffered a reduction in bus service. Hit hardest were the Great Lakes and Northeastern regions of the country—1,753 communities cut off—where the buses stopped rolling at the same time that recession took its fierce toll.

In train travel, which has been deregulated for a longer period of time, the numbers are more stark. In 1929 there were 20,000 passenger trains making daily runs between America's cities; in 1989 there were 230. Amtrak, which the Bush Administration would like to scuttle to private interests, stops in only about 500 communities, mostly larger towns and cities.

After the brief heyday of budget airlines like Laker and People Express, concentration in the airline industry accelerated rapidly. Where there were fifteen independent airlines operating in 1986, there were six giants by the end of 1987. Where there were 246 regional airlines in 1981, there were 168 in 1987. Since deregulation, in 1978, more than 150 airlines have gone bankrupt; 143 communities have been abandoned; 313 small towns have lost air service and many others have seen severe reductions in the numbers of flights, numbers of seats and choice of destinations. The airport in Cape May, New Jersey, for instance, handled ten commercial flights per day in 1987; it handles none today.

As for freight, between 1978 and 1986, 120,000 workers lost their jobs because of trucking shutdowns; in each year from 1983 to 1987 more than 1,000 trucking companies went bankrupt. Over the past decade 1,200 communities lost freight rail service.

Those are the cold figures. For small communities they translate into loss of population, loss of investment, steady decline. And like the workers at Greyhound, who took a 25 percent wage cut three years ago and now face "permanent replacement," or like the Eastern machinists who continue their strike into its second year while Lorenzo plays his cards, the losers in all this are the poor and working class. Where there is not rationing of service there is rationing by price.

Bush's transportation policy, announced on March 8, offers no solution to these problems and encourages states, already strapped by infrastructure costs, to increase the burden on their citizens in the form of bigger regressive gasoline taxes. It also emphasizes highway construction while remaining virtually silent on mass transit. One need only drive through Los Angeles, where no matter the time of day there is always a traffic jam, to recognize the highway crisis. But in L.A., at least, history has shown that road construction only increases congestion (not to mention pollution), as people who can't afford to live in the city find it possible to commute longer and longer distances.

Meanwhile, the great symbol of American progress, the car, having long since become a necessity for transport, is now doubling in some rural areas as a home. As a group of Japanese leftists recently commented, at the beginning of the twentieth century the slogan was progress; now it is survival.

Ten for Germany

The reunification of Germany means a new Europe, but the left is absent from the discussion of its contours. Muted voices are heard on the German left—from Günter Grass, the I.G. Metall metalworkers' union, or the Social Democratic leader Hans-Jochen Vogel—about the exact form of the *Anschluss*, but these are like corks bobbing on a tidal wave. Here are ten conditions that the new Germany could fulfill to contribute to the security, well-being, progress and political pluralism of the rest of Europe, and the world.

One. Germany should follow Japan's example and insert into a new Constitution a clause renouncing forever the use of war as a means of settling disputes. In addition, the Constitution should state that Germany would never make or possess nuclear weapons, or station armed forces outside its borders.

Two. Bonn should remain as the capital of the new Germany. Berlin may become New York to Bonn's Washington, but Berlin symbolized the old Prussian, centralized system of power.

Three. German politicians should be unequivocal in renouncing any claim on prewar German territory. Germany's borders should be those of 1945. Until Chancellor Helmut Kohl gives this pledge, Polish suspicions about long-term German designs on Silesia, Gdansk and what was East Prussia will remain.

Four. The question of NATO or neutrality avoids the real issue—the size and capability of a unified German army. A Costa Rica solution—no army at all—is unlikely. No matter how democratically constituted, a German army whose size is proportionate to the country's population would frighten its neighbors and could start a new conventional arms race. Therefore, and although this means breaking with a cherished principle of post-1945 left thinking, NATO and Warsaw Pact troops, severely reduced in numbers and without nuclear weapons, should remain on German territory.

Five. A reunited Germany should be urged to outlaw industrial production of offensive weapons and especially chemical warfare capability. The merger last year between Daimler-Benz and the aerospace company M.B.B. gave rise to fears that another giant arms-producing monster was being conceived. (Warplanes, tanks and U-boats are now produced by the same company.)

Six. Germany should support the pressure from the French government and from Jacques Delors, president of the European Community Commission, for greater European unity and a transfer of some sovereignty from national governments to a more democratic European structure. In particular, the directly elected European Parliament needs more power. A federal Europe will lessen the dominance of any giant nation-state, including a reunited Germany.

Seven. A new Schuman plan is needed to integrate German industry with its European partners. The postwar Schuman plan, named after the French Foreign Minister, placed the German and French steel and coal industries

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under a common high authority. A modern version might link parts of the automobile or electronics industries.

Eight. A reunited Germany should take the lead in key social areas such as extending citizenship rights to immigrant workers. There are 4 million non-German workers—*Gastarbeiter*—in West Germany, most of them Turks. A reunited Germany cannot afford to have such an underclass of noncitizens.

Nine. Germany should also open up its labor market to Eastern European, especially Polish, workers. All demographic pointers suggest a labor shortage in Germany in the next few years. To overcome this and to contribute to the consolidation of democratic market economies in Eastern Europe, workers from the former Communist satellites should be allowed to earn money west of the Oder-Neisse Line.

Ten. Finally, German companies installing themselves in Eastern Europe should follow the same rules in the treatment of their new employees as they do under present West German law. The codetermination system that put workers on the boards of major German companies has been the key contributing factor to workplace stability and performance in postwar West Germany. Workplace rights and industrial democracy could show Eastern Europeans that Communist authoritarianism does not need to be replaced by a Latin American–style cauldron of repression of basic labor and human rights.

DENIS MACSHANE

Denis MacShane's study of the European labor movement and the origins of the cold war will be published soon.

Video Invasion

The Bush Administration has targeted Cuba as the next Communist domino. Euphoric over the February election in Nicaragua and the crumbling of Eastern European regimes, the United States is squaring off against Cuba for the next major military confrontation in the Caribbean. The Castro government, increasingly isolated and threatened, has chosen a battlefield on which it is well positioned to fight.

Within the next several weeks, the U.S. government will begin tests of an airborne television transmitter intended to beam video propaganda into Cuba. Named TV Martí after the Cuban national hero José Martí, it will broadcast TV programs tailored for Cuban audiences by the U.S. Information Agency from a balloon floating 14,000 feet over the Florida Keys, across 100 miles of water to Havana. Congress has appropriated $7.5 million to build the new system and, if the tests are successful, another $16 million to operate the station in its first year.

Cuba is preparing to retaliate. Throughout the 1980s, when the Reagan Administration vastly expanded its propaganda efforts against the Castro government, Cuban broadcasters built an impressive electronic arsenal for combat on the airwaves. Angered by the 1985 launch of Radio Martí, TV Martí's predecessor, Cuba installed "monster" radio transmitters, some of them ten times stronger than the largest used by any commercial radio station in the United States.

If Cuba were to switch on all or most of its new radio hardware and direct it toward the United States for an extended period of time, it "would wreak interference havoc from New York to California," according to a technical study by the National Association of Broadcasters. According to N.A.B. estimates, scores of commercial AM radio stations would lose large parts of their coverage area and millions of U.S. listeners would hear Cuban news and entertainment instead of their usual programs. The Cubans have hinted that they might also retaliate against U.S. television, which is even more vulnerable to outside disruption.

Cuban broadcasters and officials interviewed in Havana this past December see TV Martí as a challenge to their national sovereignty. They believe that Cuba, like any other nation, should determine for itself who has access to its broadcasting system and how that access will be used. They note that U.S. communications law prohibits foreign ownership of more than a 20 percent share of radio and TV stations and bans certain types of content, such as personal attacks, obscenity and deceptive information. The Cubans argue that if they do not vigorously defend their airwaves, it will be only a matter of time before they face an even more serious U.S. threat to their national territory. The recent U.S. invasion of Panama has fueled that fear.

How would our government respond to a massive Cuban retaliation against U.S. broadcasting? Options are limited, given that there is no technical solution. The Administration could back down by taking TV Martí off the air or seeking a negotiated settlement with Cuba. Not likely. Or it could ask U.S. broadcasters to accept the disruption and the resulting damage to their bottom line. Also not likely. Therefore, the Cuban leadership believes that the U.S. Administration will respond militarily.

Carlos Aldana, member of the Secretariat of the Central Committee of the Cuban Communist Party and Cuba's point man on the TV Martí issue, said that Cuban intelligence has recently monitored new U.S. military exercises in which fighter aircraft are scrambled from Florida bases, fly at high speed and low altitude across the Straits of Florida and peel off shortly before entering Cuban airspace. The locations of these practice sorties, Aldana alleges, "coincide with our main transmitters."

Aldana said that Cuba can neither completely defend its broadcast installations from U.S. air strikes nor seriously contemplate a counterattack against U.S. territory. Therefore, its strategy is to beef up antiaircraft defenses around Cuban radio transmitters in hopes of shooting down as many U.S. planes as possible. "We would try to make them pay a high price for this," he said.

As implausible as this scenario may seem, there is independent confirmation that such a chain of events could happen. In 1983 *The New York Times* reported that "surgical removal" of the offending Cuban transmitters was among the active options being considered by the Reagan Administration. And a State Department cable obtained under the Freedom of Information Act reported that C.I.A. satellite photography had verified the construction of air

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defense emplacements near the large Cuban radio towers.

Cubans currently receive a wide range of U.S. radio broadcasts and, when atmospheric conditions allow, TV signals from southern Florida. In addition, the Cuban television system recently signed an exchange agreement with TV mogul Ted Turner and is negotiating with him to buy other U.S. programming, including CNN and Hollywood movies.

Why then is the multimillion-dollar TV Martí project necessary? Its only purpose is to pay off George Bush's campaign promises to the rabidly anticommunist Cuban-American community in Florida and to provoke Fidel Castro, keeper of the flickering flame of Marxism in the Western Hemisphere. While TV Martí would probably be successful in those two regards, it simply isn't worth the millions of taxpayer dollars and, more important, the potential loss of U.S. and Cuban lives. JOHN SPICER NICHOLS

John Spicer Nichols, who teaches broadcasting at Penn State University, organized a U.S. joint Congressional-broadcaster delegation to Cuba in December.

UNCIVIL LIBERTIES.

CALVIN TRILLIN

Naturally, it was my friend Wayne Marshall who spotted the small item in *The New York Times* reporting that the president of Exxon's shipping subsidiary, Frank Iarossi, has resigned to become chairman of a standards-setting organization for the shipping trade. Wayne sent over the clip under the heading "Ironies Beyond the Capacity of Any Writer to Invent."

Wayne goes in for that sort of thing. He also collects ugly postcards. Don't send him one of those jackalope postcards that people are always sending from Wyoming or someplace. Wayne could paper his house with jackalope postcards. He says people whose idea of an ugly postcard is a jackalope postcard have a paucity of imagination. Wayne does not have a paucity of imagination himself. I've been through the collection, and I can attest that Wayne has got himself some ugly postcards.

The sort of newspaper item Wayne likes to tell me about is the sort that will almost invariably draw the response, "You've got to be kidding!" It wasn't Wayne who drew my attention to the item about someone's inventing designer trash bags or the item about how the fifty pounds of cocaine the Army said it found in Manuel Noriega's quarters turned out to be tamales, but those were his kind of stories.

Wayne and I both like to imagine the scene that might have taken place, say, between the two American Army officers in charge of reporting all the wicked stuff found at General Noriega's house. "Maybe we should have it tested before we say definitely it's cocaine, sir," Capt. Richard Gonzales, of El Paso, Texas, says.

"What else do you think it could be, Captain?" Lieut. Col. Darrell (Buzz) Barton, a man who cultivates his reputation in the regiment for biting sarcasm, says, as he signs the order for the press conference, "Tamales?"

I've grown to depend on Wayne for drawing my attention to such newsworthy items as the recent career good fortune of Frank Iarossi. It turns out that a remarkable number of such items appear in the business section, and I gave up reading the business section a long time ago – even before it started looking suspiciously like the police blotter. Too many numbers.

I figured Wayne was always around to flag me if something interesting popped up. If the phone rang tomorrow and it was Wayne telling me that Ivan Boesky had just been made chairman of a Wall Street commission to establish ethical standards for traders or that Robert Campeau was going to teach a course at Harvard Business School on how to take over department store chains or that the Savings and Loan Institute had named Charles Keating chairman of its senatorial relations committee, it wouldn't surprise me. Of course, I'd say, "You've got to be kidding!"—I wouldn't want to disappoint Wayne—but it wouldn't surprise me.

I told Wayne it was interesting that Iarossi's appointment as chairman of the American Bureau of Shipping was announced just after Exxon ships managed to have two oil spills off New Jersey in the same week; it was also just a couple of days after a federal grand jury in Alaska indicted Exxon on two felonies and three misdemeanors connected with the 11 million gallons of oil that the Exxon Valdez spilled in Prince William Sound while Iarossi was in charge. This guy sounds like he has such a predilection for spilling oil that he might be considered a menace in a self-service filling station. ("Oh, don't trouble yourself with the hose, Mr. Iarossi—a big executive like you. Leroy'll be right out to get you whatever you need.")

"Then let's make him manager of an organization that sets standards for the shipping industry," Wayne said, in a merry tone of voice. I hadn't seen him in such a cheerful frame of mind since an aunt of his sent him a colored postcard of a monument in eastern Pennsylvania honoring the inventor of aluminum siding. "Then we can be sure that the standards on oil spills will be pretty exacting: No more than 11 million gallons in any one sound or harbor. No more than two spills a week of any size."

I knew Wayne could see the American Bureau of Shipping's board of managers sitting around a polished mahogany table trying to select a chairman. One member is still reluctant ("Are you sure we can't get the Exxon Valdez skipper himself?"), but the others have been thoroughly convinced by Iarossi's *curriculum vitae* and a nice letter of recommendation from the C.E.O. of Exxon and some dramatic color pictures of oil-covered birds on Alaskan beaches. Color pictures! Did Wayne have another interest in this? I don't think so. Those pictures would make postcards too ugly even for Wayne's collection.

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

At some dull Washington soiree a short while after the Nicaraguan elections, I was making desultory conversation with some junior Bushie when he suddenly said, "Hey! I guess the carrot did work better than the stick with those Sandinistas." I was seized with an almost ungovernable prompting toward violence, which I hereby seek to exorcise in print.

To grab the Bushie by the lapels and use him to stir the fruit cup would have been quite the wrong reaction. I see that, of course. The appropriate tone has been struck by President Ortega's dignified speech of concession, and no honest purpose is served by any grizzling or second-guessing about that. The problem is that his magnanimity has elicited another kind of good sportsmanship, one that I find exceedingly hard to take. It was latent in a column by Jeane Kirkpatrick, who condescended sweetly to Ortega for his admission of defeat, and it was overt with my Bushie, who thought he was generously meeting me halfway by acknowledging that perhaps the *contras* weren't the way to go after all.

Sticks and carrots, indeed. Those are meant to be used on mules. I think that my nausea over the past weeks, and my feeling that there are certain people in Washington whose gloating, however masked by fair-mindedness, I just can't bear to face, have all to do with this famous policy "mix," this hateful "two track." By what right—the question has lost none of its force with the outcome of an open election—*by what right* does the United States presume to hold sticks and carrots over Nicaragua? And is there no shame at all about the way in which such "right" was exercised? Is still being exercised, with the demand that Nicaragua remake its defense forces (doubtless so that La Chamorro will be in the same position as are most of her Central American counterparts: not really knowing from whom "her" general staff takes its orders)?

Once you agree that the United States has *droit du seigneur* over the hemisphere, these questions become quibbles. Before me as I write is Vice President Quayle's luminous comment in Santiago on March 11, after his private meeting with General Pinochet. Quayle observed that he and Pinochet had had "a very good discussion about democracy" and that the general is "a hard-line anticommunist" who is "for democracy." Added Quayle, "I find that most encouraging." I dare say he does. The fact that Pinochet retains effective control over Chile's armed forces, and has set up a special bunker in the north of the country, creates no obstacle to cordial relations. Contrast the minute attention to detail with respect to Nicaragua: I can remember the last President of the United States making a public speech in which he called for continued war on Nicaragua and justified himself in part by ridiculing Daniel Ortega's choice of designer eyeglasses.

That President now chooses to remember nothing at all. In his contemptible L.A. video testimony he employed the "cannot recall" gambit more than 140 times. As I write, the cast at the Poindexter trial is suffering similar lapses. Oliver North has failed to remember things about the *contra* operation that he himself revealed in testimony before Congress only a short while ago. So I fear that for anyone to act like a good winner or a good loser in the case of Nicaragua, it is going to be necessary to cultivate the virtues of amnesia. It's just that I find it rather hard to forget.

Nicaragua, let me remind you, is one of those countries that we have the nerve to call underdeveloped. In plain terms, that means it has just about one of everything—one oil refinery, one deepwater port, one major hospital, one telephone exchange. As Colonel North and his bosses were quick to notice, this makes the country "vulnerable" to "pressure." North himself arranged for a hospital in Managua to be blown up by former Rhodesian mercenaries, partly to convince Congress that the *contras* could operate freely in the capital. He helped arrange for the harbor at Corinto to be mined and for innumerable rural cooperatives to be burned down. You also may remember that the Central Intelligence Agency produced a murder manual giving advice on the use of underworld elements and criminal methods. One of the *contra* units to which this manual was distributed was called the Jeane Kirkpatrick Task Force, in honor of the woman who now urges that bygones be bygones.

That may be all very well for her, and if the Sandinistas want to accept the implied offer of peace in her patronizing tone, then nobody can criticize them. But we don't have the right to forget that revolting acts were committed by the United States and that great damage was done to the U.S. Constitution and democratic process. The cover-up of this domestic sabotage is still in progress, which makes it all the more important not to surrender to a confused sense of "healing" and "reconciliation."

How will history adjudicate the ten years of the Nicaraguan revolution and counterrevolution? Historians will have no choice but to record that the F.S.L.N. removed a dictator who was also the special steward of United States interests in "his" country; that the F.S.L.N. (unlike its Cuban predecessors) avoided most if not all of the stupidities of one-party rule and held an election within five years; that the 1984 election was subverted by a U.S. effort to get the principal opposition candidate to withdraw; that this effort was supplemented by the sorts of tactics I mentioned above and by a ruthless economic embargo. To have imposed all this on a people already ground down by poverty and dictatorship, to have refused to validate their next election until it went the right way, and then to say, well, that's the way *they* want it, seems to me outrageous in its bloody sanctimony.

The Nicaraguan revolutionaries can be as upright in defeat as they were during ten years of resistance. But I have to live and pay taxes in Washington, where the clever carrots and the nasty sticks are stored, and I bump into the people who can't get over their own brilliance in wielding them, and I feel sick and ashamed and claim the right to wear the sour expression of the bad loser who holds a permanent grudge.

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ARTICLES.

REAGAN-BUSH AT 9

Passing On the Legacy of Shame

RALPH NADER AND MARK GREEN

In their 1980s retrospectives, conservative pundits like William Buckley, Pat Buchanan, Cal Thomas and Jeffrey Bell have been exceeding the bounds of exuberance (for example, "Reagan won the cold war"). At least such hyperbole raises two useful questions: First, what *are* the real legacies of the Reagan-Bush years so far, nine years after their launch; and second, can—or will—President Bush alter them in any serious way?

Using the framework of measurable cause and effect rather than crediting the rooster for the dawn, how have these two Presidents influenced the quality of our lives? Answer: They have been pursuing policies that have quietly sapped America's long-term strength. Here are ten concrete examples out of hundreds, as well as a hint at whether Bush, based on his performance and trajectory, might yet change these legacies:

§ *Infants and Children.* Since 1981 the percentage of children living in poverty soared to almost 20 percent, the worst record in the industrial West; after a decade of decline the rate of low birthweight babies rose last year, especially among African-Americans. Cutting infant nutrition programs, Medicaid and prenatal care further hurt the littlest Americans.

Bush has proposed the largest one-year increase in the Head Start program ever offered, $500 million (which would cover only one in five eligible children). However, he offers no suggestions as to how to reduce this country's dismal infant mortality rate (nineteenth in the world). And the self-proclaimed "Education President" shows little more interest in schooling than his predecessor. Although the United States recently ranked fourteenth out of sixteen industrialized countries in elementary and secondary education spending, Bush proposed only a 1 percent increase (after inflation) in federal education spending.

If this trend continues, students won't even be able to read Bush's lips.

§ *Poverty and Idealism.* Homelessness, which had virtually disappeared by the 1970s, grew in significant part only after Reagan cut federal appropriations for low-income subsidized housing by 82 percent. Because funding of discretionary low-income programs fell by 55 percent (after inflation) between 1981 and 1989, there were 3 million more poor Americans at the end of the 1980s than at the start of the decade. Nor did Reagan ever make a major public statement on poverty that tapped the idealism of caring among Americans, as John F. Kennedy did with his Peace Corps address. Indeed, Reagan's principal message to the younger generation was go for the gold, not the golden rule.

President Bush, on the other hand, has laudably talked about citizenship rather than mere commercialism. Consider his now well-worn metaphor about "a thousand points of light" in his inaugural address as well as his assertion that "the greatest gift is helping others" in his State of the Union Message. But while Michael Dukakis could have delivered the same State of the Union speech, Reagan would have submitted a budget just as ungenerous to the most vulnerable Americans. A thousand points of blight?

§ *Lost Economic Prominence.* In 1981 the United States was the world's leading creditor nation, with a $141 billion net international investment credit; after eight years of Reagan-Bush, it had become the world's largest debtor, with a total debt of more than $700 billion. The nation's personal savings rate plunged by one-half, real wages fell and in nine years the federal debt grew three times as much as it had since the birth of the Republic. As a result of this borrowed prosperity, "America is losing its ability to compete in world markets," said John Young, chairman of a presidential Council on Competitiveness.

Recent world events have made it plain that economic power, not military might, will determine who the superpowers of the 1990s are. How are we doing in Bush's America? Not so hot. Nonfarm productivity growth fell to less than 1 percent in 1989, the lowest since the 1981-82 recession. The huge federal deficit is not significantly lower once the Social Security surplus is discounted—nor is the trade deficit. Based on the location of available capital, Lech Walesa would have been well advised to have skipped Washington and gone straight to Tokyo. So far President Bush hasn't really dealt with, or even mentioned, the long-term implications of these dismal facts.

§ *Investing in Bombs, Not Bridges.* Because of tax cuts for the wealthy coupled with a $2.2 trillion military spending binge (including $30 billion for unneeded spare parts), unpaid bills mounted in the 1980s. In an unprecedented series of reports issued right after the 1988 election, the General Accounting Office documented the deterioration of the nation's infrastructure because of inadequate capital investment. The G.A.O.'s estimated bill for repairing America comes to $500 billion to renovate bridges and the interstate highway system, $150 billion to clean up toxic dumps, $100 billion to $130 billion to decontaminate nuclear weapons facilities, $20 billion for new public housing, and more.

Will the evaporation of the Soviet threat, the ostensible reason for most of our $306.9 billion defense budget, persuade Bush to transfer funds from fighting potential enemies abroad to fighting proven ones at home? Not yet. He seems intent on "beating plowshares into swords," as Richard

Ralph Nader is a consumer advocate. Mark Green, editor of America's Transition: Blueprints for the 1990s, *is New York City Commissioner of Consumer Affairs. The views expressed here are his own.*

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Gephardt, the House majority leader, said. A President who says we should spend nearly the same amount combating "complacency" as Reagan did in combating Communism is saying that the Defense Department is an entitlement program.

§ *Consumers Away.* Promising in his 1980 campaign to "get government off our backs," Reagan got government (read: law and order) off the backs of corporations by sabotaging the health and safety agencies that were supposed to assure safe food, drugs, pesticides and water, and by immobilizing antitrust laws in the midst of the greatest merger wave of the century. Further, the Reagan-Bush Administration rescinded protections such as a tougher crash standard for motor vehicles that was slated to start saving an estimated 11,000 lives a year on the highways in 1981. This delay has directly caused tens of thousands of serious injuries and deaths on the highways.

In his Economic Report to Congress, President Bush signaled a welcome departure from his predecessor when he recognized that "in some cases, well-designed regulation can serve the public interest." And new regulations restricting misleading health claims on food packages were considered a good first step by the Center for Science in the Public Interest. Yet Bush allowed the Consumer Product Safety Commission to slip into a coma by failing to appoint enough commissioners (at least three) to form a governing quorum.

§ *Ecocide.* For nine years two Presidents shrugged and said, "Who, us worry?" while acid rain ravaged lakes, waste gases widened the hole in the ozone layer and the greenhouse effect warmed up the earth. The Reagan-Bush Environmental Protection Agency will be remembered largely as a place of scandal and stagnation. (Joel Hirschorn, a senior associate at the Office of Technology Assessment, says "not one major complex toxic waste site has ever been completely cleaned up.")

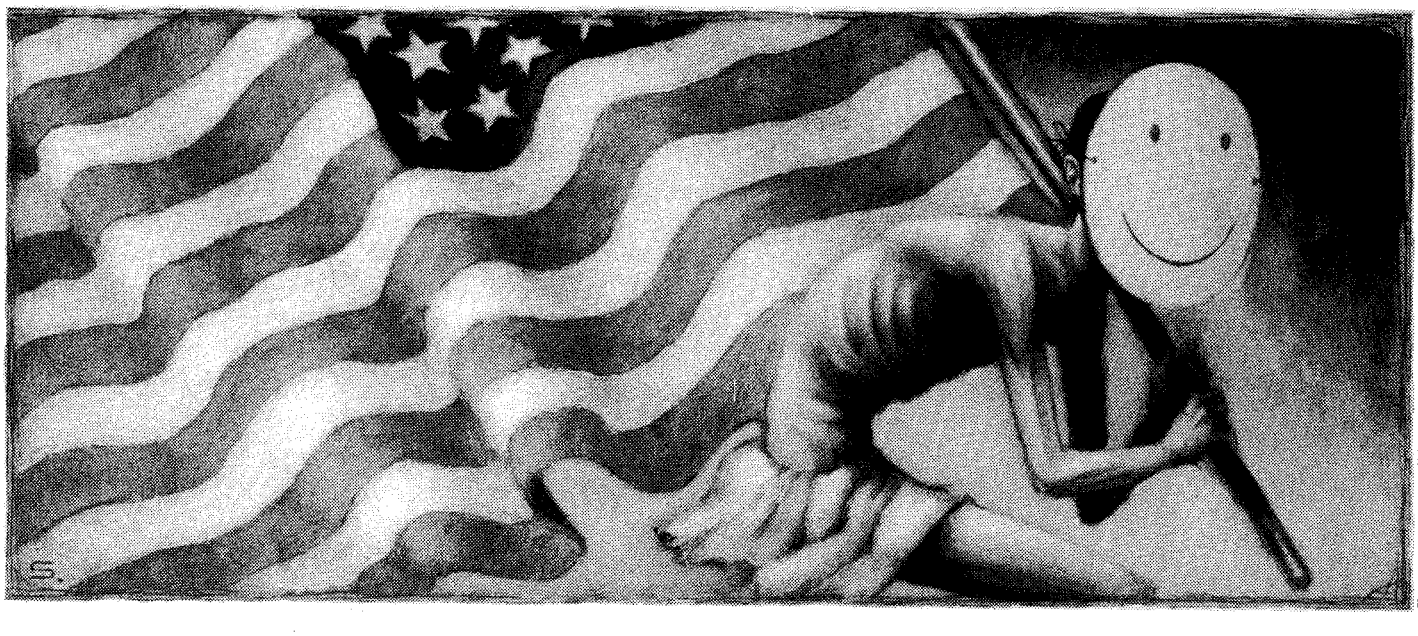
If George Bush thinks he can reverse the James Watt years merely by quoting Teddy Roosevelt and elevating the head of the E.P.A. to Cabinet rank, he's wrong. Instead, he's shown his true hand by opposing serious action on global warming or on clean-air legislation, and by reneging on his promise to protect wetlands. He didn't even include funds in his 1990 budget for a cleanup of Boston Harbor, to which he devoted so much attention in the 1988 presidential campaign, confirming Governor Dukakis's charge that it was "just a phony campaign issue." Environmental President? Or environmentally hesitant?

§ *S&L and HUD Scandals.* In what is probably the largest epidemic of financial criminality in American history, the Reagan-Bush deregulation policies allowed thrift institutions to make reckless or corrupt investments while seeing less of federal auditors. Result: a bailout bill that will amount to more than $3,000 per taxpayer over the next ten years, with no reciprocal rights for taxpayers and depositors or guarantees to prevent future debacles.

The corruption in the Department of Housing and Urban Development showed that it had become an accounts payable for Republican cronies. Conservative columnist James Kilpatrick blames Reagan, who "paid virtually no attention to this huge, costly Department." Meanwhile, the percentage of American families owning their homes actually *fell* in the 1980s for the first time since World War II.

The department has regained visibility and some respectability under Jack Kemp, but not much money. And don't expect too much from the independent prosecutor who will look into the HUD scandal. Dick Thornburgh, the most partisan Attorney General since John Mitchell, has carefully limited the scope of the inquiry to avoid further embarrassment. As for savings and loans, don't expect more than a fraction of these corporate crooks to face trial.

§ *Regressive Redistribution of Wealth.* Because Reagan-Bush cut benefits for the poor and at the same time cut taxes for the rich, the income share of the poorest fifth of the nation's households fell to 3.8 percent, the lowest since the 1950s, and the income of the wealthiest fifth rose to 46.3 percent, its highest ever. This trend will deepen if President Bush's capital gains tax cuts are enacted. Escalating Social Security taxes on working families have wiped out any gains from lower income tax rates and have effectively subsidized



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tax breaks for the richest citizens. Following a proposal by Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan to reduce Social Security taxes, even the conservative Heritage Foundation admitted that "thanks to hikes in the Social Security payroll tax, the vast majority of middle-income Americans forfeit a larger share of their income to the federal tax collector in 1990 than they did in 1980."

Still, Bush insists on a capital gains tax in which 66 percent of the benefits would flow to the top 1 percent of all taxpayers, including himself. (Citizens for Tax Justice has revealed that Bush personally saved $303,516 in federal income taxes between 1980 and 1986 by using the old capital gains tax break.)

These Presidents are two class acts.

§ *Reign of Error and Sleaze.* From David Stockman's early admission that he essentially "cooked" the budget books to President Reagan's initial denial of an arms-for-hostages deal in the Iran/*contra* scandal to Elliott Abrams's documented lies in Congressional testimony, Reagan's two terms showed how routinely tactics conquer truth. And although more than a hundred Reagan appointees either were convicted of crimes or committed ethics violations (Ed Meese's own Justice Department concluded its chief had acted unethically), not once did Messrs. Reagan and Bush reproach the wrongdoers.

The Bush Administration has avoided so deplorable a rap sheet, in part because the Senate kept the ethically suspect John Tower from tainting the Cabinet. But a steady diet of deception (saying Soviet military spending is up when his Pentagon knows it's down; saying there was no quid pro quo to get Honduras to help the *contras* in exchange for aid when documents prove the opposite; denying a secret mission to Beijing so soon after the Tiananmen Square massacre, for example) shows the lingering influence of President Ronald Pinocchio.

§ *Hostile Race Relations.* What did Reagan-Bush do when the percentage of African-American and Latino youths attending college fell and the gap in life expectancy between blacks and whites widened during their decade of governance? They grossly reduced antidiscrimination law enforcement, appointed a largely white judiciary and ridiculed civil rights organizations as, in President Reagan's phrase, mere "special-interest" groups.

George Bush has now gone out of his way to change the tone of his Administration (he said all Americans must "confront and condemn racism, anti-Semitism, bigotry and hate"), in the process attracting a 68 percent approval rating among African-Americans. But his actual policies on affirmative action and job discrimination—his executive branch won't support proposed legislation to reverse several recent Supreme Court decisions hostile to civil rights—are vintage Reagan. "Extremely disappointing" is how Ralph Neas, executive director of the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights, rates them.

As the reactionary revisionism of the Reagan-Bush era continues, let's remember mourning in America: the oft-ignored legacies of economic slippage, child poverty, environmental abuse, racial tensions, S&L sleaze.

Will the Bush years bring some real *glasnost* to the White House? So far, not likely. Bush has proved to be, in the phrase of Georgetown University Law Center associate dean Peter Edelman, "the Revlon President," who applies cosmetic rhetoric to national problems.

Ultimately, though, the state of the Reagan-Bush legacy depends not on a speechwriter's cosmetics but on the actual living conditions of the American people. Has this presidential duo performed well or merely postured well? Will drug use be down? the air cleaner? poverty down and ethics up? Will there be more economic well-being for all Americans or only more wealth for the already powerful? And will Washington face up to our problems or look away?

Vaclav Havel, the playwright President of Czechoslovakia, counseled his people that the highest patriotism is the frank admission of serious problems. For Ronald Reagan and, so far, for George Bush, the idea has been to throw a coat of fresh paint over a house with rotting beams. □

AFRICAN PERCEPTIONS OF AIDS

Another Way Of Dying

BRUCE E. FLEMING

One of the sessions at the annual convention three years ago of the Modern Language Association—held in a San Francisco not yet ready to wake into spring—was titled "The Literature of AIDS." At the time I had just returned from two years as a Fulbright lecturer in the Central African country of Rwanda, the buckle, we might say, of the so-called African AIDS belt and the setting for *Gorillas in the Mist*, the recent Hollywood bio-pic of Dian Fossey. With my lingering hangover concerning many things Western (above all the boundless arrogance of our belief that we are the measure of all things), the talk of Susan Sontag and Harvey Fierstein, the evocation of a "golden age" of free sex before the deluge, and the words (new to me at that point, since then all too familiar) of one of the audience members who spoke of those "dying in the AIDS trenches" seemed like nothing so much as manifestations of what, in another context, we might have been tempted to call the last death-cry of a decadent bourgeois society. What struck me, in short, was the provincialism of our North American view of AIDS.

For the fact is that what one of the earnest young presenters at the M.L.A. session referred to as "the discourse of AIDS" (meaning how we in the West speak about AIDS) is different in Africa, where the problem is far more serious, numerically speaking, than it is in the United States. To a

Bruce E. Fleming, who teaches English at the U.S. Naval Academy in Annapolis, was the Fulbright lecturer in American literature at the National University of Rwanda from 1985 to 1987.

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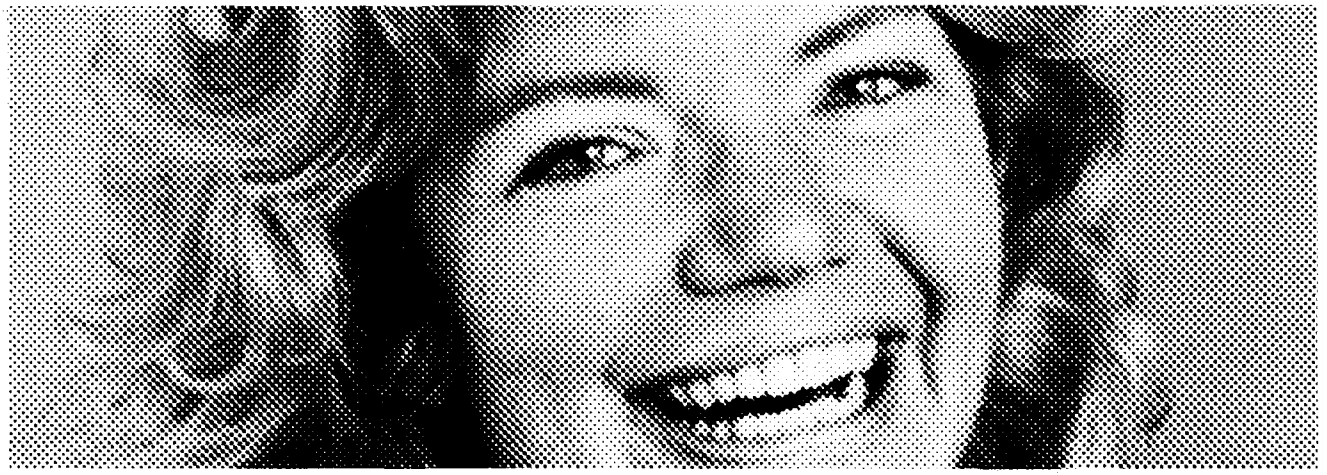
'Listen, my momma may have raised a mean child, but she raised no hypocrites.'

—Molly Ivins, The Progressive



Molly Ivins on the Bush Administration:

"We do have some minimal standards for citizenship. Real Texans do not wear blue slacks with little green whales all over them. Real Texans do not refer to trouble as 'deep doo-doo.' George Bush has a hard time passing."
The Progressive, March 1988

"Deep down, George Bush is shallow."
The Progressive, March 1989

"While people rejoiced the world over at the end of the Cold War, the United States under George Bush seems destined to be the last country in the neighborhood to be dipped for ticks."
The Progressive, January 1990

"Having upset every living person between the Rio Grande and Tierra del Fuego by invading Panama, our only President then proposed to settle everyone down by dispatching the ineffable Dan Quayle on a peace mission. To tell them all they looked like happy campers to him. Unfortunately, as one country after another elected not to receive Danny Q., his mission had to be scaled back. They finally let him out to say hidy to the maitre d' at a Taco Bell."
The Progressive, March 1990

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great extent, of course, the discourse is different there because in Africa the disease strikes both sexes nearly equally and affects primarily the urban well to do. And this presents a clear contrast to the situation in the United States, where those affected are primarily groups that are seen (or see themselves) as marginal, or excluded from power.

However, there is another difference, and we may arrive at an understanding of what it is by reflecting on the extraordinary resistance that both the governments of many African countries and their people initially showed to the attempts by the industrialized world to convince them that AIDS presents a problem at all. For this resistance seems the tip of an iceberg, an index pointing to the fundamental difference of sensibility between the way death and disease in general are conceived of in the industrialized, post-Romantic West and how they are seen in the agrarian countries of the Third World.

Until recently, the official reaction of most African governments to the Western insistence that AIDS presents a problem for their populations was one of flat rejection. Many highly placed Kenyans, to take one example, seem to see the attempt by Western doctors to identify the incidence of AIDS there as quite literally the creation of the disease: not identification but contamination. To be sure, some of this fear of AIDS talk was caused by the government's readily understandable love of hard currency from tourists (gushing into the country in post-*Out of Africa* waves), or by the equally understandable disinclination of African nations to have foisted on them the image of being the source of yet another planetary ill, after overpopulation and political chaos.

Yet even pecuniary motives could not explain the fact that nearly every time I opened the *Kenya Times* there seemed to be another letter to the editor about how the source of the contagion was clearly the West, and that the only way to halt its spread in Kenya was to stop all white people at the airport and give them an AIDS test. (Perhaps also this was an instinctive reaction to the same kind of talk, in reverse, about Africans in the West: a kind of protest in advance.) After all, I felt the same rejection in Rwanda, which—at least until the Fossey film came out—had almost no tourism at all.

Instead, the motivation behind such a reaction seemed an almost instinctive understanding on the part of the Kenyans of what I take to be Michel Foucault's point in *The Birth of the Clinic*: that the presupposition of curing a disease is a kind of invasion of individual privacy, the conceptual separation of the disease from the individual who carries it. The naming of the disease literally creates it. Prior to such naming and identification, it is the person who is ill; after the act of naming, the person becomes merely the carrier of the disease. From my perspective in Rwanda, I saw what it means to create a problem by talking about it—rather than (as the earnest young man at the M.L.A. suggested was the case in the U.S. reaction to AIDS) creating, or worsening, a problem by *not* talking about it. For Americans, silence may indeed equal death (as the posters say); in Africa, on the contrary, speech seems to many to be tantamount to the invention of the disease.

Why, I heard Rwandans asking, this interest of the West in this one disease? The answer is, of course, that it has affected *us*, so we are interested in *them*. The AIDS problem exists as a problem in Africa, the Africans rightly see, to the extent that it exists as such in the rich North. Why, they wondered, so much interest in *this* particular form of sickness and death, chosen as if at random from among so many that affect people outside of industrialized countries? For people die of so many things in Rwanda. To be sure, four children out of five now live to be 5 years old. Yet this still means that fully 200 out of every 1,000 infants die before their fifth birthday, being carried off by the ubiquitous diarrhea or by other diseases, all of which are made worse by undernutrition. (Rwandan peasants are, it seems, better at curative medicine than preventive. Preventive medicine, based on the notion of hygiene, depends on a belief in physical things that nonetheless cannot be seen; in Rwanda it is the curative vaccine, given with a palpable needle, that has won a large measure of trust. A shot is sometimes held to be a cure-all as long as it is given by a foreign doctor.) The average life expectancy is in the upper 40s; there are very few old people and many very young ones.

Death on the highway is common at all ages—and not, as in the West, as the result of accidents between cars, which are items of extreme luxury in Rwanda. Of course, the overloaded taxi-buses routinely cut blind corners along the twisting Chinese-built north-south highway, and every few days one will end up in a tangle of metal with another car. Yet most accidents are with pedestrians; the peasants use the paved, single-lane highway as a footpath through their densely populated hills. They do so even at night when they become invisible, wrapped in dark clothes and leading brown cattle, and they do not seem to understand the power of several tons of hurtling steel. Polio victims hop and crawl along the roads; malaria, though less serious here at Rwanda's mile-high altitudes than on the coasts, nevertheless numbers among the potentially lethal diseases to which the people are subject. Starvation—again less of a problem in this fertile country than elsewhere in Africa—is nonetheless not unknown in certain parts of the country. Malnutrition, on the other hand, is endemic.

Thus death and disease appear to Rwandans in a much larger and less differentiated spectrum of forms than they do to Westerners, and are more integrated into their daily lives. It is, of course, the heritage of the Enlightenment that makes us believe any disease is at least potentially curable, and that causes us to see the menu of woes as being divided up into neat compartments of separable maladies (Foucault's point again). The Western (and especially American) assumption, in fact, is that the normal, conceptually neutral state of the human being is one of the absence of disease, which thereby takes on the status of the Other. And it is this that has produced America's cult of youth and our total refusal to integrate death and dying into our lives. For Westerners, each divergence from this ideal state of perfect health (exemplified in those paragons that populate soft-drink ads) is a

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sullying that must be named, isolated and eliminated.

Rwanda has in fact been more open to Western talk of AIDS than many countries—certainly more than its neighbor, Zaire, whose lacerating colonial past has bred suspicion of Western values. And of course, the educated or Europeanized Rwandans accepted Western interest in the disease sooner than others. Yet even so, the mood I saw was one of almost patronizing tolerance, or resignation rather than real interest. Let the West be interested in AIDS if it likes, seemed to be the attitude of my university colleagues—it might as well be this as something else. We can't give up sex, one colleague told me, and if we don't die of one thing it will be another. AIDS may have been a surprise to the West, but I do not think it was for Rwandans—even the educated ones. Instead, it was yet another example of something that is merely a fact of life in so many Third World countries. Thus the Western panic at AIDS, the conviction that this *must not be so*, seemed inexplicable: an overreaction, strange and somewhat silly. (Probably everyone has heard that for a while the joke in Kinshasa was that SIDA—the French word for AIDS—stood for *Syndrome Imaginaire pour Décourager les Amoureux*, or Imaginary Syndrome to Discourage Lovers. It was also about this time, so the story goes, that hundreds of T-shirts were distributed as publicity for the Swedish International Development Agency that boasted *SIDA, c'est moi!*)

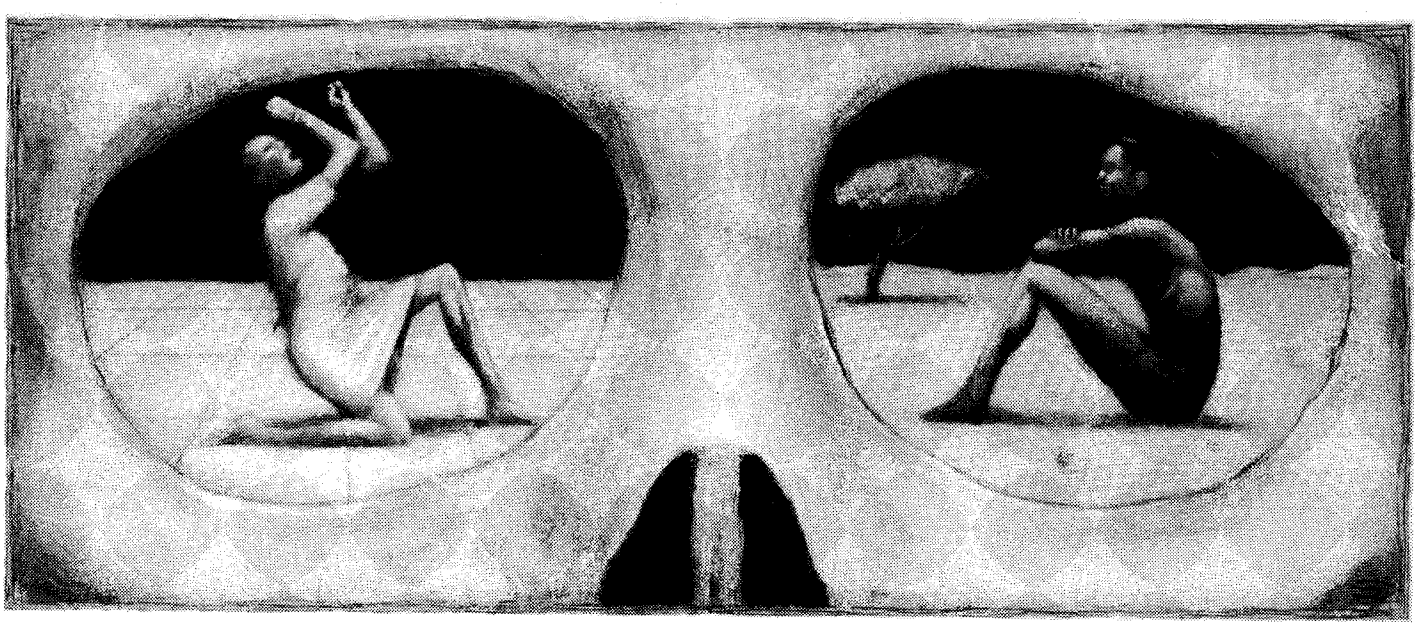
Even a limited solution to the problem of AIDS, such as the use of condoms, takes on the aura in Rwanda of being part of the problem itself. For birth control is not in vogue, and even educated men associate condoms with uncleanliness. Thus they are by and large unwilling to use them even with prostitutes, for this is to admit that what they are doing is somehow tainted. The result is that large numbers of students and soldiers have venereal diseases. Yet since most are not actively sick, they see the attempt of the West to encourage the use of condoms as yet another attempt to brand them as sufferers from a disease they do not perceive themselves to have, whether it be gonorrhea or AIDS.

Brought up without the Western assumption that disease is something alien to the pristine clarity of the ideal body, in a world where access to health care cannot be guaranteed for everyone (and which, because frequently rudimentary, will not cure everyone), it seems to me that Rwandans do not conceive of life as the perpetual-motion machine we imagine it to be in the West but instead as something that goes on until it falters or stops, for whatever reason. Their vision of the conceptually neutral state of the body already seems to involve the possibility of illness, the certainty of death. We Westerners would say that they are more fatalistic than we are—which under the circumstances, perhaps, means more realistic. In the African context, where illness and death are more quotidian than they are in the West, it is impossible to expect the sense of urgency we feel with regard to AIDS, the same sense of disbelief we have in discovering something we cannot control. It is only in Western society (and perhaps most of all in North America) that the point of departure for thought is that anything is possible.

Society in Rwanda is one that T.E. Hulme would have called classical rather than romantic—one that does not believe all things are open to human control, such as the West may have been before the Enlightenment. But of course, once enlightened—once aware, that is, of the fact that the very nature of knowledge and control lies in naming, isolating and separating from ourselves—we cannot become unenlightened; we cannot return the apple of the tree of knowledge to its branch. I am not suggesting that there is anything remotely approaching nobility in the lack of interest shown by the Rwandans or other Africans in the Western attempt to identify and perhaps someday eradicate this one part of their continuous spectrum of disease. It is after all we who stand a chance of curing it, not they. (How many Rwandans, a half-century ago, would have approved of an antimalaria campaign?)

My point is this: Our attitude in the West is that disease is something to be eradicated, an excrescence on the world. In the West people die of AIDS because our doctors have not yet found a cure. In Rwanda they merely die.

During the M.L.A. session in San Francisco a number of



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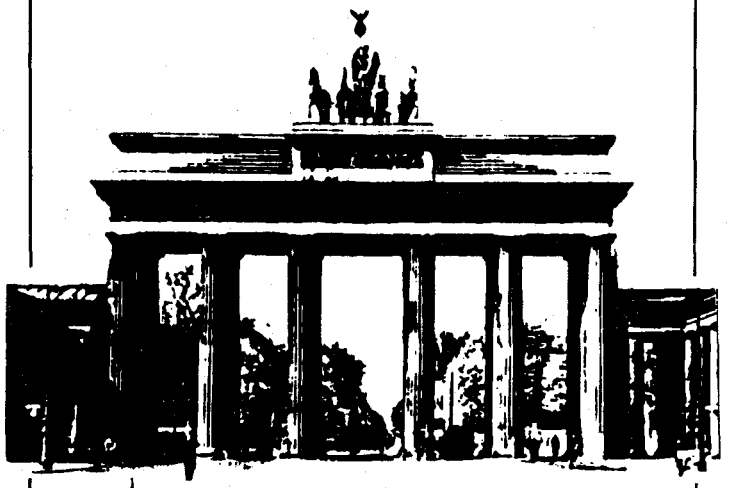

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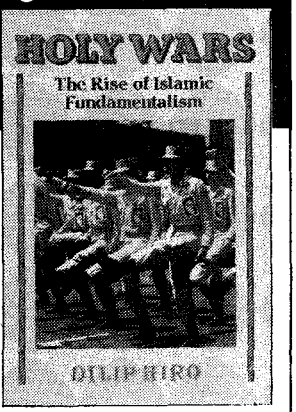

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voices were raised in support of Sontag's resistance to the poeticizing of physical illness (referring to AIDS as a plague or the Red Death, not to mention the Scourge of God). Surely it is correct to object to this; a condition of the immune system is not a personified force. Yet such a condition is also not the thing that so many of us in the West see it as: something that *must not be.* I believe that an understanding of the way AIDS is perceived outside the industrialized West might free us from the reaction so many of us have to a disease for which there is no cure, and a sexually transmitted one at that: the assertion that (as we might say) *things weren't supposed to be that way.* For who says that things aren't supposed to be like this? They are in fact just like this for much of the earth's population.

An acceptance of sickness and death as something conceptually possible in life would not mean an acceptance of particular illnesses—least of all AIDS. And of course it is precisely because we in America do have the means to carry out research that government hesitation to commit funds to doing so is such a crime. Yet such an acceptance might at least free us from the feeling that God was treating us unfairly, or that we were somehow getting the short straw. And we must be free from this feeling if we are to overcome our provincial unconcern with the situation of others who are even more disadvantaged than we are. □

THE N.E.D.'S EX-NAZI ADVISER

Harbinger of Democracy?

CHIP BERLET AND HOLLY SKLAR

In the new Costa-Gavras movie, *Music Box*, the U.S. Justice Department exposes an accused Hungarian war criminal named Michael Laszlo, who obtained U.S. citizenship by hiding his World War II role in the pro-Nazi Arrow Cross Party. In real life, the Bush Administration works with former Arrow Cross official Laszlo Pasztor, a convicted Nazi collaborator. Pasztor told us he has helped arrange briefings on Hungary for the Bush Administration and helped channel National Endowment for Democracy tax dollars to his friends in Hungary, all despite his much-publicized "resignation" from the ethnic arm of George Bush's 1988 presidential campaign.

Having lost the battle to impose fascism on Europe, Pasztor immigrated to the United States. He was following in the footsteps of thousands of Nazis and Nazi collaborators protected and recruited by the C.I.A. and its predecessor,

Chip Berlet, an investigative journalist with Political Research Associates in Cambridge, Massachusetts, writes frequently about authoritarian movements. Holly Sklar, the author of Washington's War on Nicaragua *(South End Press), has been writing about the N.E.D.'s role in foreign policy.*

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the O.S.S., to resume the war on Communism, an episode documented in Christopher Simpson's book, *Blowback*. Now Pasztor and other former Nazi collaborators are eager to assist U.S. efforts to shape the post-cold war world, especially in Eastern Europe.

In numerous interviews Pasztor has attempted to sanitize his years in the Arrow Cross. But leading Holocaust historian Randolph Braham has fully documented Pasztor's collaborationist role in the June/July 1989 issue of the Jewish periodical *Midstream*. After joining the rabidly anti-Semitic Arrow Cross in 1939, Laszlo Pasztor became a leader of its youth organization. His Nazi-armed paramilitary unit assisted the coup that toppled the Hungarian government in October 1944 and replaced it with the Arrow Cross puppet regime. A week later Pasztor was assigned to the Hungarian Legation in Berlin as assistant secretary. After the war Pasztor spent two years in prison for his Arrow Cross activities following his 1946 conviction by a court in the new multiparty Hungary.

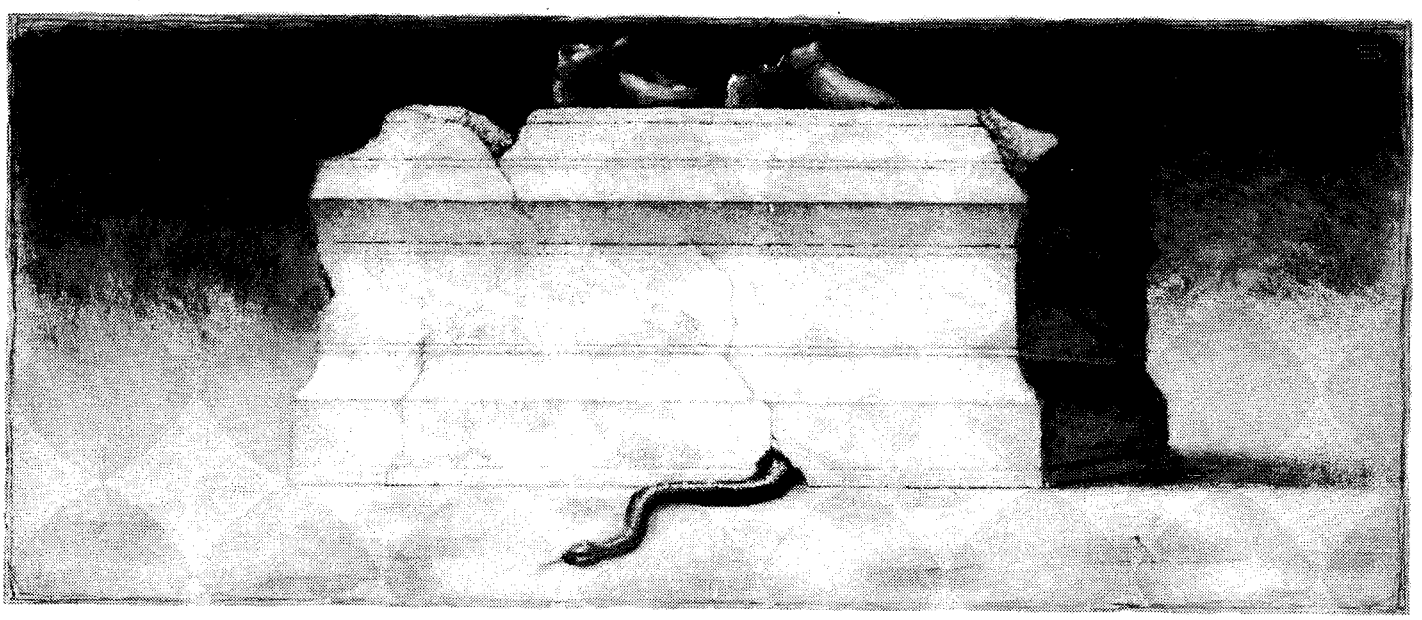
In the 1950s Pasztor resettled in the United States, eventually joining the Republican Party's campaign ethnic outreach division. After Richard Nixon's election in 1968, Pasztor reorganized the division, and in 1971 became founding chairman of the Republican Heritage Groups Council. He passed over more moderate ethnic organizations in favor of those led by individuals tied to former Nazi puppet governments in Bulgaria, Slovakia, Croatia and Byelorussia. He recruited racists, neofascists and anti-Semites—even a former Waffen S.S. officer. Pasztor's political career flourished, and by 1987 he was boasting of his frequent visits to the White House, State Department and Helsinki Commission.

Charges of Republican anti-Semitic and fascist ties, circulating since the 1960s, resurfaced during the 1988 presidential campaign in *Washington Jewish Week*, *The Philadelphia Inquirer* and in a detailed Political Research Associates report by Russ Bellant [see David Corn, "G.O.P. Anti-Semites," October 24, 1988]. The potentially explosive campaign scandal was quickly short-circuited by the supposed removal of a few overexposed individuals, including Laszlo Pasztor, from the Bush campaign's Coalition of American Nationalities.

In fact, according to Braham, on January 27, 1989, just a few days after Bush's inauguration, Pasztor was among the Hungarian-American leaders invited to a State Department briefing by Mark Palmer, Ambassador to Hungary. Pasztor told us he also helped the Bush White House staff hold an April 1989 briefing on Hungary. Pasztor himself was on the original invitation list, says one government source, but was dropped after federal agencies warned against including him. Pasztor says that members of the National Security Council attended the briefing, which was held in the Old Executive Office Building, next to the White House. The White House confirms that the meeting took place, but notes that Bush did not attend.

Pasztor also works with the Coalitions for America, a project of new-right leader Paul Weyrich that is housed at Weyrich's Washington-based Free Congress Foundation. Weyrich recently visited Hungary to help train neophyte political activists. Pasztor told us he did not personally brief Weyrich prior to the trip but he did provide a list of contacts.

In addition, Pasztor says he is assisting the Congressionally funded National Endowment for Democracy by translating and evaluating grant requests from Hungarian and Czechoslovak groups. The N.E.D., an ostensibly private foundation, allocated close to $400,000 for Hungarian projects in 1989, with hundreds of thousands more for work in other Eastern European countries. The endowment has channeled U.S. tax dollars to numerous organizations led by old hands in C.I.A.-connected groups such as Radio Free Europe/Radio Liberty and the Free Trade Union Institute. Pasztor says he works as an intermediary between Hungarian and Czechoslovak organizations and the National Republican and National Democratic Institutes for International Affairs, both of which are conduits for N.E.D. funds, as well as the German Marshall Fund. He adds that several of the projects he has assisted have subsequently been funded by N.E.D. grantee agencies, and in July 1989 he reported in a memorandum to Paul Weyrich



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about his involvement in obtaining "assistance for the anti-communist democratic opposition behind the Iron Curtain" from the N.E.D.

Pasztor recently visited Hungary, telling associates he was going there to clear his name. Pasztor told us he returned with a document confirming he was never "condemned as a war criminal," which, while technically true, fails to explain away his Arrow Cross membership, conviction for Nazi collaboration and later associations. In an interview Braham dismissed as lies Pasztor's claims of having secretly helped Jews while in the Arrow Cross. According to one Hungarian reporter, Pasztor's trip came at a time when a visitor's ability to attract hard currency investment and provide good contacts with the U.S. government for foreign aid would most likely make Hungarian officials ignore an Arrow Cross past. Pasztor says while he was in Hungary he "unofficially" met with leaders of several new political parties, including the Hungarian Democratic Forum, a group in which anti-Semitism resonates.

In recent months there has been an attempt to lift the ban on the Arrow Cross Party in Hungary. In Yugoslavia ethno-nationalist parties of Serbians, Croatians and Slovenians with a distinctly neo-Nazi tinge have already been launched. As the new wave of nationalism sweeps Europe it is essential that fascist forces be exposed; otherwise they may turn the dream of self-determination into a nightmare. □

Geezer

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

creases [in benefits] that Congress had been adopting, on an *ad hoc* basis, usually in election years." No one expected, it said, that inflation would take off and Social Security benefits would nearly keep up with it, while wages would fall behind.

By 1977 alarm bells were ringing. So Congress sharply raised payroll taxes and sharply reduced the formula for benefits to be paid to future retirees. On a chart, this showed a sharp decrease for those born from 1917 to 1921—hence called the Notch. Congress swore that those reforms would keep Social Security in the black into the twenty-first century. The public was, as ever, little aware of all this, but when Notch Babies began to retire in the 1980s, they noticed that their checks were smaller than those of their elder brothers and sisters. (Figured as a proportion of taxed wages, Social Security pensions declined from 54 percent to 42 percent during the decade. The average monthly check in 1990 is $566.) Some Notch Babies complained. This brought us a lot of unfavorable attention but no relief.

It must have been the act of qualifying for pensions that transformed us into Greedy Geezers, for nothing in our past hinted at such a metamorphosis. We all grew up in the Great Depression, when the country was desperately hard up and

This is the first of two articles. John L. Hess is a veteran journalist who writes a weekly column for The New York Observer.

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yet adopted a slew of warm-hearted legislation—just the opposite of the climate of the rich and mean 1980s. The crown jewel of our New Deal was the Social Security Act of 1935, which promised to liberate our elders from welfare and the poorhouse. The House Ways and Means Committee report on the bill declared old-age security to be a right, not a charity, and it promised something better than mere subsistence. There was to be no question of a means test to taint this entitlement (the word was not yet an epithet).

Now, we Notchers were only youngsters then, and like all youngsters we could scarcely imagine being old ourselves someday. Yet I can't remember hearing any of my generation complain about supporting the geezers. Rather, the general feeling was one of pride and relief, except perhaps for a few rich Republicans, who grumbled mainly among themselves. Any spitefulness surely didn't show up in elections.

Our Social Security was patterned after systems long developed in Europe. To finance better-than-subsistence pensions, it was assumed that payroll taxes would be supplemented with funds from general revenues, as was done over there. But by 1940, when the first Social Security pensions were paid, the Depresssion had ended and the accumulated income from four years of withholding exceeded expectations. To this day the Treasury has not contributed a penny to Social Security—indeed, it has borrowed heavily from Social Security reserve funds, generally at moderate interest and sometimes at no interest. In its first fifty years, Social Security took in $55 billion more than it paid out.

And it was a smashing success at what it had set out to do. When it began, old people were the poorest of the poor. Thanks to Social Security, the proportion of the elderly classified as poor declined steadily to about one out of eight today, a shade less than the figure for all groups. It is this insignificant margin to which our critics refer in complaining that we are hogging more than our share.

Take Social Security away and not one-eighth but *one-half* of the elderly would qualify as poor. According to a major study by the Social Security Administration, by 1984 it was providing 38 percent of all income received by the elderly. The Social Security check was the only income received by 14 percent and represented at least half the income for 62 percent.

Most significant, perhaps, in light of how the media portray us, the study found that 77 percent of the elderly in 1984 had incomes below $20,000, and only 3 percent (only 1 percent of elderly singles) enjoyed incomes above $50,000—that class of welfare parasites that the gentle Ellen Goodman would represent as a Palm Beach matron with pearls, and Henry Fairlie would vituperate in *The New Republic* as "the pampered ones . . . some riding around in golf carts even on the streets, instead of taking an invigorating walk."

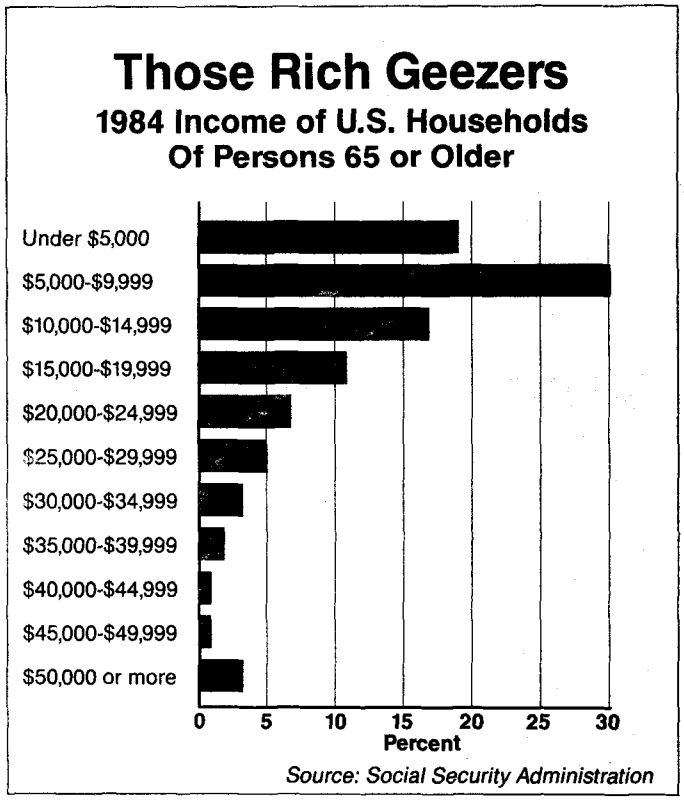
By the time we Notch Babies were old enough to qualify for this pampering, Tender Loving Care was gone. Our New Deal and Fair Deal and Great Society had given way to benign neglect (a phrase promulgated by Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, of whom more later) and then to austerity, deregulation and give-backs. Incentives to investment were in, social welfare was out. And since Social Security was by far the largest element of the welfare state, it became the largest target for demolition.

Despite the "rescue" legislation of 1977, which was supposed to have guaranteed the solvency of Social Security to the horizon and beyond, essays foretelling its doom appeared in 1980 in *Time*, *Newsweek*, *U.S. News*, *Fortune* and many leading newspapers. Social Security, the one big program that paid for itself, began to get the blame for inflation. A reporter in *The New York Times* dared to say that "Gray Panthers cheer [inflation] because they know Social Security payments are linked tight as mating dragonflies to the Consumer Price Index." Remarkable dragonflies, since the cost-of-living adjustment is always three to fifteen months behind the index. The reporter had another grievance: "Most retirees, of course, took care of their housing needs while they were salting away their World War II overtime."

With this chorus of barking from the media, the Reagan crowd, foes of Social Security from way back, must have thought they had a mandate. Soon after the inauguration, they took a serious whack at it. A supine Congress let them cut out benefits for dependent student survivors and round off all pension checks to the next lowest dollar, but when they sought to slash the basic pension for early retirees, the Senate rebuffed them 96 to 0. The attempt was widely blamed for Republican defeats in 1982.

Nevertheless, the war continued. This time it would be presented as a campaign to *save* Social Security, and would win the complicity of the Democrats. As a first step Reagan named a blue-ribbon, bipartisan National Commission on Social Security Reform. Its task was to resurrect the specter of bankruptcy that had been exorcised by the tax increases and benefit cuts enacted in 1977.

A major contribution was a series of articles in *The New*



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York Review of Books in 1982 by the Republican banker-politician Peter Peterson, who purported to prove by computer that the country would eventually be bled to death by Social Security. His cry from the right for social justice for the unborn persuaded such liberal columnists as Tom Wicker, Anthony Lewis and Jody Powell, who reproached Democrats in Congress for their cowardice in the face of us greedy, affluent, inflation-immune elderly voters.

Their conviction was reinforced by the neoliberal *Washington Monthly* of November 1982, whose cover showed an old cardsharp holding most of the chips, facing a young sucker across the table. (Cartoonists in other publications have depicted us as swine at the trough or as stout old men riding the backs of bent young proles.) In the cover article, "Taking America to the Cleaners," a fellow from Princeton named Phillip Longman declared, "Put bluntly, the old have come to insist that the young not only hold them harmless for their past profligacy, but sacrifice their own prosperity to pay for it." Where *his* prosperity came from he did not say. He was 26 years old.

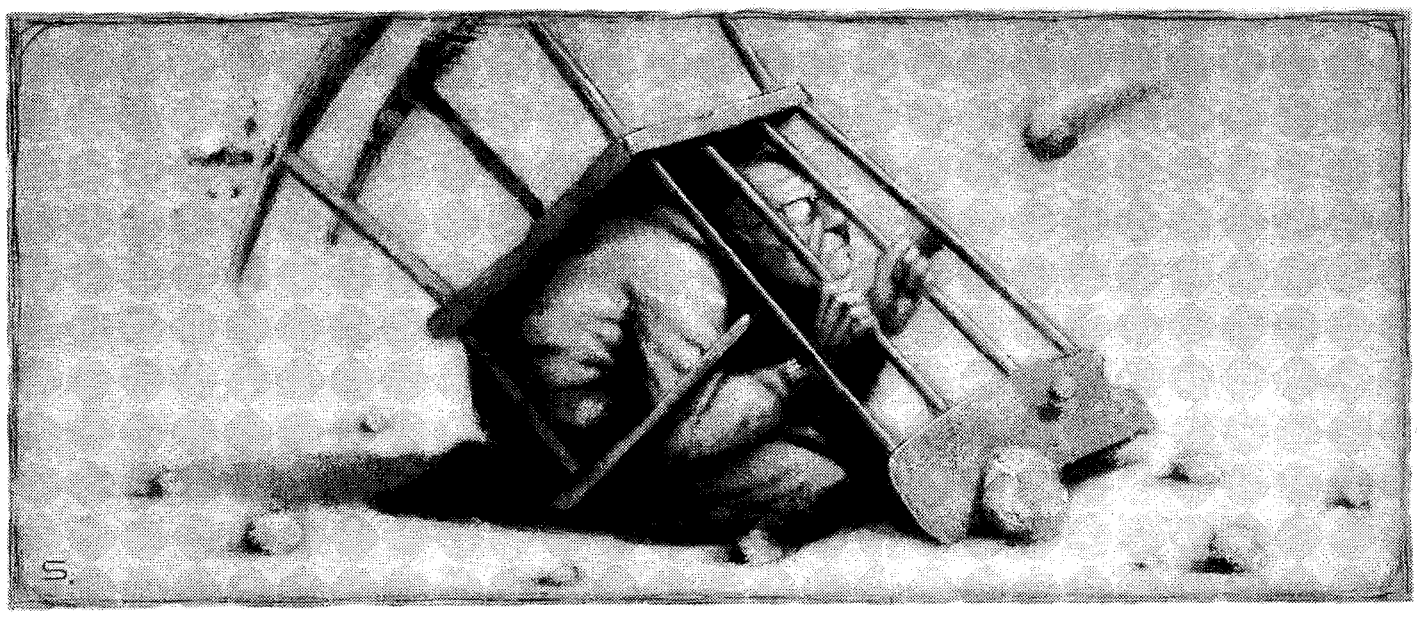
Longman's clincher was his unsupported assertion that the average geezer going on Social Security would get back "in only 19 months what he or she contributed in a lifetime." The suggestion that pensioners soon become parasites has been widely used against Medicare as well, although the line of shame seems to vary according to the whim of the finger pointer. Longman's own editor, Charles Peters, has put it at two years; Cokie Roberts on *ABC News* gave us only twelve months; George Will in *Newsweek* vaguely allowed two years or so; and Lee Smith of *Fortune* generously accorded us four honorable years, presumably taking into account the employer's matching share of the payroll tax.

Hey, we can stretch that out some. Take an average Notch Baby. Say he or she has paid in enough dollars, over fifty years, to pay a pension for two years, and his or her employers have matched that. That makes four. Now, if those dollars have been regularly deposited in a savings bank at compound interest, we'd have enough for eight years. Add in the dollars contributed by classmates who have died in war and peace and will never claim their pensions. Then adjust the whole sum for inflation. By now, your Notch Baby has an honorable claim good until the sweet by-and-by.

But all that is a silly and mean parlor game that has nothing to do with reality. Social Security is a contract the country made with itself, guaranteeing all workers and their dependents and survivors a decent pension. Nothing in the contract bars the government from paying the pensions out of general revenues, but it has in fact paid them all out of Social Security payroll taxes. We have actually paid more than enough; the surplus is deposited in trust funds, or reserves, which are invested in Treasury bonds. Under this contract, we Notchers have for fifty years financed the pensions of our elders without missing a month. Now that our time has come, we are denigrated as freeloaders.

If Social Security is seen as a government contract, it is clear that it could never go broke. To create a crisis it was necessary to pretend that the checks had to come out of the trust funds (actually, the Treasury Department writes the checks) and that the trust funds were going into a black hole. Alan Greenspan, chairman of the bipartisan commission, whipped up a worst-case scenario that stands as a wonder of its kind. For example, he assumed that the Consumer Price Index would rise 9.2 percent in 1985; at this time the White House was predicting 4.6 percent and Wall Street forecasting firms, including Greenspan's, were guessing about 3 percent (the actual figure for 1985 turned out to be 3.6 percent). With similar guesses regarding unemployment and so on, Greenspan predicted a Social Security deficit of $150 billion to $200 billion by 1990.

NBC's economic correspondent said it on the evening news: "A time bomb is ticking in Social Security." That's what made the headlines, panicked the elderly and permitted Congress to approve a savage whack at Social Security and see it universally headlined as a rescue. It is curious that Greenspan's phony estimate of the Social Security deficit was about the same as one recently given for the savings-and-loan losses ($200 billion), but whereas it has been taken for granted that the Treasury must bail out the savings and



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loans, there was never any suggestion that it might bail out Social Security.

In fact, there had been no Social Security crisis. Although Reagan later said Social Security would have gone bankrupt by August 1983, its income roughly balanced expenditures that year. It is true that old age and disability reserves had run down as a result of unusually high inflation and unemployment for several years, but there was a cushion that the public was never told about.

Under the law, the millions of Americans who had served in the armed forces were credited for Social Security benefits as if they were otherwise employed, which is only fair. Congress was supposed to pay the equivalent of withholding tax to cover them but put it off for more than forty years—until 1983, at which time the delinquencies came to well over $20 billion. There was also a bagatelle of $1.3 billion in benefit checks issued by the Treasury and billed to Social Security but never cashed. So there was no emergency, no cause for panic. But the public didn't know that.

Passage of the "rescue" was nonetheless a remarkable exploit. Until recently, Senator Moynihan was fond of recounting it. In newsletters mailed to voters at taxpayer expense during his 1988 re-election campaign, he called the act his proudest achievement. He quoted Senator Robert Dole, the minority leader, as relating in *his* campaign speeches how "in twelve days in January 1983, a small group of us reached agreement on changes in the Social Security system that left it solid, solvent, secure for half a century to come."

Moynihan could not resist a chuckle at the deception that was going on. He recalled in his newsletter that Reagan "on his own wrote a speech (never given: the man *is* lucky!) proposing that Social Security be made voluntary," and that David Stockman (a Moynihan protégé who was then White House budget chief) had earlier announced that in October 1982 the Social Security system would suffer "The World's Biggest Bankruptcy." Moynihan wrote, "Americans were, understandably, concerned that the hard-earned money they had paid into the Social Security system would not be there when they retired *even though there was no real danger of this occurring.*" (Emphasis added.) He explained that withholding taxes were coming in faster than had been expected because more people in the typical household were working. Further, he added with a wink, "The Federal government . . . is supposed to pay Social Security contributions for men and women in the armed services. But for near to half a century it had, well, forgotten to do so."

None of this, I repeat, was known to the public when the "rescue" plan came to a vote in January 1983. On the House side, Speaker Tip O'Neill stalled, taking considerable abuse from editors and columnists, apparently because he expected a popular backlash. It never came. Organized labor and the organized elderly almost certainly could have blocked the bill, but their bemused representatives on the Greenspan commission, Lane Kirkland of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. and Representative Claude Pepper, were somehow persuaded to go along with it.

The package called for stepping up payroll taxes, omitting a cost-of-living adjustment for six months (effectively, a

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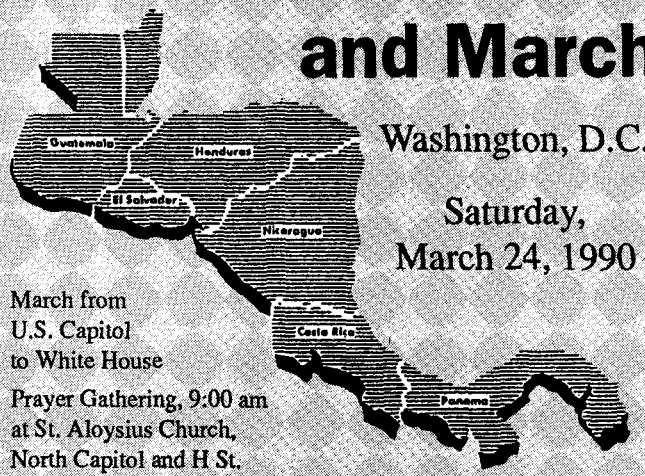

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permanent reduction in benefits) and making half of benefits taxable for recipients with medium or better income. The only votes in the Greenspan commission against the package came from three right-wingers who thought it wasn't mean enough. On the floor a majority double-crossed Kirkland and Pepper with an amendment delaying the retirement age from 65 to 67 by phases, beginning in the year 2003.

Note that all these "reforms" weighed far more heavily on the young than on us geezers, which is ironic, considering that all the propaganda had been aimed at getting us off their backs. Indeed, the columnist Bill Buckley would argue later that Social Security ought to be junked precisely because, as a result of the legislation that his friends had devised, young people were now paying more and would be receiving less than their elders.

With payroll taxes going up every year, the Social Security surplus or "trust fund" really took off. Exceeding estimates in every year to date, it is expected to total $223 billion by the end of fiscal 1990, $1.4 trillion by the end of the century, $4.8 trillion by 2010. (After that we get into real money.) All this is invested in gilt-edged U.S. bonds deposited in trust funds. That has reduced the need for the Treasury to peddle bonds in the market to meet its deficits. Last December Moynihan said the trust funds should be able to buy out the whole national debt by 1995, and that would be just dandy.

Then, as he was leaving for a year-end junket abroad, the mischievous Senator tossed a verbal hand grenade. He observed, rather casually, that the government was not really putting all that surplus Social Security tax money aside for future pensions but was spending it as fast as it came in to reduce the deficit; that the trust funds thus contained not real money but only I.O.U.s; and that if current Social Security revenues some day failed to cover current pensions, the Treasury would have to sell bonds in the market to pay those I.O.U.s. Moynihan also observed that while the affluent were now paying less taxes than they did a decade ago, thanks to the cuts in income tax, most Americans were paying more because of the increases in payroll tax (although he did not stress his own support of both those deeds). So he proposed that, in all fairness, the 1990 increase in the Social Security tax be repealed.

This threw politicians and pundits into confusion. They had been discussing how to fashion a cut in the tax on capital gains; now they would have to talk about a fair distribution of the tax burden. Even the Democrats found this a hard one to answer. *The New York Times* made a desperate effort. In a stunning editorial it cast aside the hoax about saving Social Security that had won acceptance of the 1983 act. Ignoring the role of the media, including itself, in perpetrating that hoax, the *Times* now declared that the Greenspan commission had "misled the public into a false sense of security." The commission's real aim, the paper said, was "to raise national savings—and thereby provide for economic growth—the only way that is known to work: lower the deficit. And it planned to do so by raising the only tax Congress would touch"—i.e., the Social Security withholding tax.

The underlying philosophy was plain: Prosperity depends on investment, which has to come out of savings. Only the affluent save, so wise fiscal policy calls for giving more to the rich and less to those who only work and consume. That's why the Reagan Administration cut the top income tax brackets by more than 50 percent: It was for the country's own good. That's also why it raised the Social Security tax and trimmed benefits. But that was not enough to avoid a horrendous deficit, nor even to visibly increase savings, so they are pushing for more of the same and using the same tactic: a scare about the future solvency of Social Security and an assault on the Greedy Geezers as the villains of the piece.

The campaign has a full-time booster, financed by major corporations. It is called Americans for Generational Equity (AGE) and was headed by Senator David Durenberger until his recent ethics problems. He remains a director along with such other defenders of the young as Richard Lamm, who when Governor of Colorado once told us ailing geezers we had "a duty to die and get out of the way." Young Phillip Longman, who wrote that geezer-bashing piece for the *Washington Monthly*, joined the staff of AGE. He had found a career.

Lee Smith of *Fortune* magazine drew on the wisdom of AGE in preparing an article in 1987 titled "The War Between the Generations." He described a cartoon on a wall of AGE's offices: "An old woman presses a gun to the head of a child who holds a lollipop. 'OK,' grandma growls, 'just drop it in the bag and no one will get hurt.'" Smith predicted that war—literal, bloody war—would break out a generation from now if today's mainly white baby boomers try to collect their Social Security boodle from a working class that by then will be largely black and Latino. Bloody war, Smith said—unless we prudently advance the retirement age to 70 and replace Social Security with voluntary personal investment programs like I.R.A.s (which are attractive and affordable only to the affluent). If, however, those baby boomers become Greedy Geezers and balk at these sensible proposals, one Ken Dychtwald, a 37-year-old gerontologist, suggested to Smith that they "could be sent on a five-day camping trip with two days' worth of food."

This image of the Greedy Geezer as a parasite who is threatening the survival of the community came to dominate another crisis in social policy—the runaway cost of health care and the catastrophic Medicare fiasco, which will be the subject of a future article. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Abbey Lode

ERIK NESS

HAYDUKE LIVES! *By Edward Abbey. Little, Brown. 308 pp. $18.95.*

Society is like a stew. If you don't keep it stirred up, you get a lot of scum on top.
*—Edward Abbey**

The novelist is a curious god, resurrecting in sequels old themes and characters for the sake of either literary exploration or the publisher's advance—depending on the quality of your faith. If history repeats itself, then fiction should have free license to do the same, but the result is often predictable, and so anticlimactic. Edward Abbey's final novel, *Hayduke Lives!*, is all of that; but then again, some things bear repeating.

Here assembled for a second round are the heroes and villains of Abbey's 1975 classic *The Monkey Wrench Gang*. George Washington Hayduke, Bonnie Abbzug, Seldom Seen Smith and Doc Sarvis ride roughshod, as always, over the presumptions of our life styles while plotting to undermine the asphyxiating ambitions of the military-industrial complex by destroying its toys. (For the novitiate, monkeywrenching, also known as ecotage or ecodefense, is the deliberate sabotage of any facet of industrialization that threatens the earth.)

Replacing Glenn Canyon Dam as the primary object of monkeywrenching affections is a new leviathan, the Giant Earth Mover (G.E.M.), weighing in at 27 million pounds and standing twenty-two stories high. With a mission to mine pristine Lost Eden Canyon for radioactive ore, it threatens the hostile yet fragile lives of the high desert. Under a "no compromise" ideology, this possibility is all the cause needed for action. Roll cameras: Abbey rides again.

For those of you without scorecards, Abbey is something of a sore spot for the ecoleft. His writing has emboldened countless individuals to act courageously in defense of our planet, and anyone who has ever tried to persuade anybody to act committedly on behalf of anything beyond the dollar must appreciate the power of his language to incite and inspire. That is the good news. But his spare, eloquent desert anarchism arrives out of context in the more urbane circumstances of literary criticism. His infamy lies in his insensitivity to feminist issues and language, not to mention isolationist views on immigration and a passing scorn for homosexuality. His hero Hayduke—equal parts Neanderthal, commando and Luddite—embodies these frustrating views plus a few others. And he has risen from the pages of his creation to symbolize and mythologize the redneck elements of Earth First!, the radical environmental protectionists for whom Abbey served as cultural catalyst and forebear.

Still keeping score? Well, as the author reminds us, Hayduke lives. If Abbey, who died last March, knew this was going to be his final novel, he felt no need to soften words or ways for the sake of a few favorable reviews and posthumously mended fences. With no second thoughts and no compromise, this book contains a full volley of objectionable language in a ribald, thoroughly masculinist celebration of sexuality unlikely to win him any new friends in the feminist community. Consider Abbey's introduction to Erika, his newest heroine, whose Earth First! slogan emblazons her "snug sweat-soaked white T shirt . . . across her proud upstanding jugs." On the other hand, all of his female characters, whether outwardly friend or foe, voice private environmental thoughts. Be it realism or creative license (read wishful thinking), Abbey pays curious homage here to the notion that nurturing views of the planet are predominantly feminine in origin. Regardless, this man takes his language to the precipice of self-caricature in a spirit of jolly honesty about his love for women. Whether or not women will love him, or even *believe* that he loves them in any mature sense of the word, is for your own consideration. But no matter: To the discreet, Abbey will come off as a vulgar, disrespectful man at the altar of his Church of Indiscretion. What, after all, is one to think of a man who called himself a pervert?

There is a danger in fiction that dabbles in the realm of social activism: Ideas can become associated with and then supplanted by the eccentricities of strong characterization; good ideas can be mired in and ultimately despoiled by unfortunate association. I once gave a copy of *The Monkey Wrench Gang* to a friend, hoping to stimulate his powers of creative anarchy. When he returned it he said he especially liked the parts in which Hayduke scatters his empty beer cans along the highway. More to the point perhaps are the thoughts of Seldom as he attempts to pilot the G.E.M. to its doom: "Some folks won't be happy about this. Some folks won't understand. Won't even *try* to understand."

Monkeywrenching is more than a saboteur's expression of environmental pique, though, and so the tales of Edward Abbey deserve more serious consideration than would be the case were they merely chronicles of hijinks and vandalism. Before you consider yourself his enemy you would do well to check your bedfellows. By and large they are adherents of the gospels of power, greed and corporate authority. The fact remains that whatever his shortcomings as a progressive social theorist, Abbey was among the most eloquent and ardent thinkers of the century to concern himself with the cultural dangers of industrialism and the value of wilderness to a free society.

Abbey's fiction dramatizes these themes, but his most powerful testimony appears in his essays, and in particular his writing in *Desert Solitaire*, the account of his time as a park ranger in Utah (this has just been reissued by Touchstone). Wise and illuminating as the desert skies themselves, *Desert Solitaire* has become a classic missive that calls the love of wilderness "an expression of loyalty to the earth, the earth which bore us and sustains us, the only home we shall ever know, the only paradise we ever need—if only we had the eyes to see." And for those just beginning to see, Abbey offers these words of advice about the book: "This is not a travel guide but an elegy. A memorial. You're holding a tombstone in your hand. A bloody rock. Don't drop it on your foot—throw it at something big and glassy. What have you got to lose?" The word now is, we have a lot to lose. And as the environment

*This and other of Abbey's pithier thoughts, culled from a journal he started in 1948, will appear in *A Voice Crying in the Wilderness*, due out in May from St. Martin's Press.

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becomes an increasingly mainstream issue, Abbey and his creations serve as a powerful counterpoint to the bemusing, bewildering illusion of George Bush, environmentalist.

Hayduke Lives! opens with an earth's-eye view as old man turtle, out for a morning stroll, finds himself buried alive in a wake of dirt and debris pushed aside by the opening onslaught of bulldozers laying out the carpet for the G.E.M. With this vision of our antagonist in clear view, it's time to check up on our heroes. While Hayduke vanished at the conclusion of affairs in *The Monkey Wrench Gang*, Doc, Bonnie and Seldom were arrested and convicted, and are now on probation. Doc and Bonnie are married, have one kid, Reuben, and another on deck. Seldom is still married (three wives, concurrently), still farming watermelons, still running rivers. On occasion they all get together to play poker with their probation officer, who is mildly incompetent both at cards and as a government agent in search of Hayduke.

In the meantime, Hayduke is staging a virtual one-man war against the multinational conglomerate Syn-Fuels, owner of the G.E.M. Hayduke has one ally, Jack Burns, an emaciated vision of the cowboy anarchist that is Abbey's ideal. Burns has been resurrected from the battlefields of Abbey's *Good News* and *The Brave Cowboy*, both of which showed Burns leaving the sparse but certain comforts of life on the range to free a loved one from tyranny. This man will not die, and for Abbey it is precisely because the ideal must not. Abbey's fiction represents his own mutation of a genre: what could loosely be called the anti-intellectual novel of ideas, to be read for its ethos rather than held accountable to the prevailing literary fashions. Abbey was not a stunning novelist and he knew it; *Hayduke Lives!* will unfortunately solidify this reputation. It relies heavily on stereotypes and at times seems to lie flat on the page, overreliant on the strength of a few magnificently eccentric characters and the now-familiar litany of anti-industrial sentiment. Where *The Monkey Wrench Gang* had the advantage of novelty, *Hayduke Lives!* arrives in a world with fifteen years of momentum and finds itself lacking. Nevertheless, it has a job to do.

Competent as Hayduke and Burns may be, the G.E.M. is a formidable target, and, needing help, Hayduke seeks out his former comrades to recruit them individually. He finds them comfortable, wearing their probation like something between a merit badge and a crown of thorns. They are responsible environmentalists now, writing letters, signing petitions, speaking at hearings, giving money: "Well, anyhow, can I lend you a twenty? That help some?" Each of them wishes Hayduke were gone forever, out of his or her life. Once he is gone, they are free to think again. Fortunately for Hayduke and Burns, there are now other players on the stage, a new generation of monkey-wrenchers: the merry ecopranksters of Earth First! (It must have been particularly gratifying for Abbey to include them in his fictional ranks.)

Yet *Hayduke Lives!* is more of a true sequel than a clever rewrite of *The Monkey Wrench Gang* with minor character changes and a retooled plot. Where *The Monkey Wrench Gang* was a fictional and practical why-for and how-to guide for monkey-wrenchers, *Hayduke Lives!* poses fundamental questions about the state of the environmental movement. For example, Bonnie, Doc and Seldom have all been dulled and intimidated into a degree of complacency. When Hayduke corners them, each gives a reply representative of

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an entire school of rationalization: Bonnie pleads professional activism; Doc constructs beautiful words that have no meaning without action; and Sadom is the most honest of all, because he's *afeerd*.

Given the current state of environmental affairs, not to mention the author's general temperament as gadfly extraordinaire, Abbey sees reason for fear. Even Earth First!, as endearing a band of eco-anarchist gypsies as it may at times be, falls short in his final judgment: When the pivotal confrontation between monkeywrenchers and beast occurs, its members are far from the battlefield. Not, of course, by pure volition but by strategic error. They have all been hauled away by the authorities for committing civil disobedience. A reminder, perhaps, that such actions are by nature fundamentally opposed to Rule Number Two of Doc's Code of the Eco-Warrior: "Don't get caught." But the message is that civil disobedience may ultimately be more a salve for personal guilt than a real defense of the wilderness.

What Abbey understood full well was that unless you challenge the system at the level of values *and* power, you will in the end change nothing. In today's world the honest expression of a free body's will to live may lead to death itself unless you are willing to limit that will to the banal offerings of consumer culture and the politics of despair. What does this mean now that the decade of the environment is upon us? As we battle the establishment in its board rooms for the very meanings of words like "green," "environmentalist" and "sustainable," I imagine the spirit of Ed Abbey aloft in the domed Western skies, muttering something. Something he'd read about the point of the world not being to interpret it but to change it. Or, as Hayduke paraphrases it, "You fuckin' philosophers finished?"

That about does it for the original Ed Abbey. Literary archeologists will no doubt someday ply us with collections of letters and half-finished half-thoughts. These are but accessories to knowledge: thesis material and a fine repository for dust. Sadly enough, the discourse will likely shift from ideals and the man to legacy and the legend. Perhaps it is best, then, to give the man the last word with some of his last words: "Author's Warning: Anyone who takes this book seriously will be shot. Anyone who does not take it seriously will be buried alive by a Mitsubishi bulldozer." □

A Man, A Plan

MARK PERRY

DIVORCING THE DICTATOR: America's Bungled Affair With Noriega. *By Frederick Kempe. Putnam's. 469 pp. $24.95.*

OUR MAN IN PANAMA: How General Noriega Used the United States—and Made Millions in Drugs and Arms. *By John Dinges. Random House. 402 pp. $21.95.*

One of the lessons of history is that a demoralized nation can often be reinvigorated through the successful application of military force against a nearly defenseless foe. The strategy worked for Ronald Reagan when he decided to subdue Grenada in 1983, just forty-eight hours after 241 marines died in a horrific bombing in Beirut. The celebration of the Grenada victory lasted just long enough to push the embarrassing events in Lebanon off the front pages.

The U.S. military intervention in Panama and Gen. Manuel Noriega's manacled flight to Miami in January have likewise worked wonders for George Bush. They have enabled the Bush Administration to exorcise the claims that its foreign policy was uncertain and that the President and his Secretary of State were incapable of taking risks. Luckily, some journalists have the courage to question such judgments. Two such journalists are Fred Kempe and John Dinges, both of whom have spent years tracking American foibles in Central America. Both of their long-awaited books on Noriega and his sorry saga as Panama's strongman have just appeared.

The brief outline of the Noriega story, recounted by both Kempe and Dinges in some detail, is well known. He was born to poverty but was able to accumulate untold wealth as Panama's dictator-king, the successor to the apparently much-loved Omar Torrijos. Recruited by the C.I.A. at Peru's Chorrillos Military Academy at the end of the 1950s, Noriega seemed the perfect intelligence asset: young, ambitious, a friend of the United States.

But eventually, perhaps inevitably, Noriega turned the tables on the C.I.A. After years of service, Noriega held out a series of gifts: first, information on Castro, then a promise of support for *contra* rebels in Nicaragua and, finally, the always implicit promise that while the Panama Canal was "vulnerable" (just bomb a few dams, he said at one point, and, well . . .), he would do his best to protect it.

It was always an uneven trade: Noriega's intelligence information was shared with other countries, a practice that usually sends shudders through the C.I.A. For some reason, Noriega was kept on, which fed rumors that the general had friends in high places, perhaps in the White House itself. There's probably a simpler, and certainly more likely, explanation: While the United States has little trouble recruiting friends and allies, it doesn't quite know what to do with them when they go off the deep end. In that regard, at least, Manuel Noriega was not an unusual case.

Both Kempe and Dinges serve up well-argued indictments of America's misguided policy in Panama. And, perhaps not surprisingly, both come to the same conclusion: We made Noriega, so we are as responsible for the debacle in Panama as he is. Unfortunately, that's where the comparison ends. The differences involve style as much as substance. Kempe, a veteran of *The Wall Street Journal* and *Newsweek*, presents a cascade of facts on Noriega's entire life, from illegitimate birth to questionable arrest. Dinges, a well-known National Public Radio reporter and author of the highly regarded *Assassination on Embassy Row* (about the murder of Orlando Letelier of Chile), focuses on allegations of Noriega drug trafficking, a far more manageable task. Kempe's book stands as a triumph of detail (it's encyclopedic), while Dinges's is a tale well told. In the parlance of the publishing world, *Divorcing the Dictator* will be referred to, but *Our Man in Panama* will be read.

Dinges is also far more circumspect than Kempe, and far less willing to give credence to some of the more outrageous, if titillating, stories of Noriega's rule. He makes it clear that he has reported only what he can absolutely prove, and he dismisses much of the Bush-Noriega

Mark Perry is a Washington reporter. His book on the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Four Stars, *was published by Houghton Mifflin in 1988. He is currently at work on a book on the C.I.A. during the Bush Administration, to be published by William Morrow and Company.*

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scuttlebutt. His footnotes make for fascinating reading: "Reports . . . that Bush asked for Noriega's help with the Contras in exchange for U.S. tolerance of his illegal drug trafficking, could not be confirmed, and I consider them highly dubious," Dinges says in one such note.

In addition, Dinges also goes to some lengths to question allegations made about Noriega's relationship with Castro by Panamanian opposition leader José Blandón. Blandón is a compelling character and an ardent Panamanian nationalist. Nevertheless, Dinges found little evidence for a number of his claims. "At no point does the book rely on the uncorroborated testimony of the former Panamanian counsel in New York, José Blandón, whose dozens of hours of public testimony and press interviews have more than any other single witness colored U.S. media perceptions of the Noriega affair. Although Blandón undisputably had a major political role in Panamanian events and had inside knowledge of many major events in Panama, a significant number of his allegations defy confirmation and in some cases are implausible or demonstrably false," Dinges says.

While some of this is bound to disappoint those who view Manuel Noriega as George Bush's alter ego, the reporting in *Our Man in Panama* is Dinges at his best. It's hard to fault Dinges for being overly cautious, and it's better to praise him for putting Noriega (and our view of him) in perspective: "Noriega was certainly a cruel man who bears responsibility for a number of murders," he says, "but the scale of murder and repression in Panama under Noriega was far from the killing, torture and disappearances carried out during much of the same period in Chile, Argentina, El Salvador and Guatemala with considerably less U.S. official condemnation." The point resonates: We rid ourselves of Noriega not because he was a murderous dictator but rather because he stopped being our man in Panama.

Kempe's unfailing strength is his light touch. His description of the 1988 negotiations that would have removed Noriega from power includes many amusing exchanges between U.S. officials. At one point Elliott Abrams gave State Department go-between Michael Kozak the final word on Noriega: "He's got to agree right now or else." "Or else what?" countered Kozak. "Should we torture him by insisting he sit through our interagency meetings?" One gets the sense

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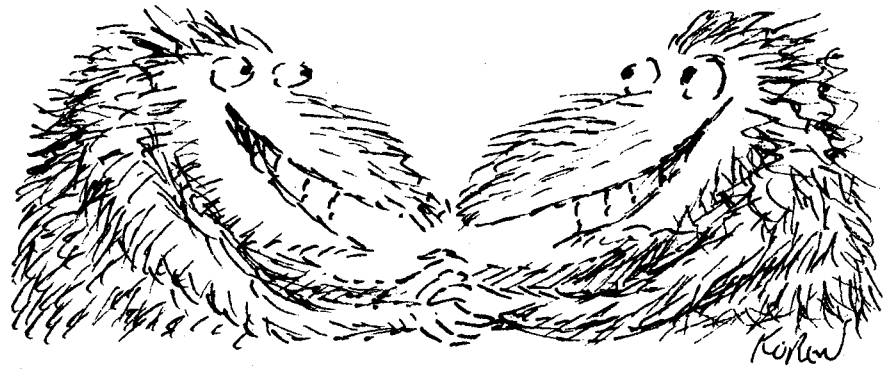

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that Kempe is more at home in Washington, while Dinges is at home on his own turf, which is Central America.

This is not the first time that the United States has unseated a dictator of its own making, and it undoubtedly won't be the last. And while the American people may have greeted the Panama invasion with near euphoria, the apprehension of Noriega and his pending trial should hardly be cause for celebration. Noriega's removal led to looting, not reform. The greatest fear of American policy-makers—one of which they may not be fully aware—is that Panama's revolution has yet to begin. □

Not Exactly Paradise

GENE SANTORO

EDEN. *By Stanislaw Lem. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 262 pp. $19.95.*

Eden is in some ways an Earth-like planet. Six astronauts, identified, with one exception, only by crew function (the Captain, the Physicist and so on), crash into it by mistake. Wryly self-conscious, the Doctor explains the literary consequences of this setting:

> "The science-fiction books I read as a kid must outweigh this poor wreck of ours, yet not once did I come across a story anything like what has happened to us."
>
> "Because it's so prosaic," the Cyberneticist said, grimacing.
>
> "Yes, this is something original—a kind of interplanetary Robinson Crusoe," said the Doctor. . . . "When I get back, I must try to write it, to the best of my ability."

What sounds like whimsy is irony: As far as the crew members know, their half-buried ship can't be repaired. So their prosaic accident sets them on a collision course with an uncharted world and its surprising inhabitants. Their Crusoe-like encounters, mishaps and misapprehensions become the fodder for their—and our—reflections on life, consciousness, humanity, knowledge and power.

That's typical of the philosophical sci-fi of Stanislaw Lem. Lem's action tales offer probing reflections on human nature and technology, conveyed through witty Borgesian parables and conundrums within conundrums. Different blends of such a mix can be found in the work of writers from the U.S.S.R. like Vladimir Savchenko and Gennady Gor, and in that of Thomas Pynchon and William Gibson in this country. Thanks to the translation and publication of Lem's vast output during the past few years, the Polish-born, 68-year-old writer has a big, well-justified reputation here.

Every Eden has its unique snake. For Lem, who sees destruction and life as two points on a single curve, that snake is evil and good inextricably commingled: the nature of consciousness.

So in *Eden* his characters refract that concept, exhibiting attributes their functional names suggest: The Engineer is a man of action who shies away from reflection; the Captain combines deliberation and action. But they're also personalized in a Chaucerian way, often against type: The Cyberneticist is emotional and intuitive, the Chemist a thoughtful synthesizer of options and opinions. These unwitting pilgrims create richly revealing tensions and dynamics as they bumble their necessarily ignorant way through Eden.

For ignorance—and how our perceptual apparatus blinds us to our own—is one of *Eden*'s primary themes. As the Doctor, the group's philosophic heart, puts it, "Being human, we make associations and interpretations that are human, we apply human laws, arrange facts into patterns brought from Earth. . . . Eden is not the place for our beliefs." And yet, being human in an unmapped place, the crew has little else to go on. Call it Lem's dilemma, a subset of the Heisenberg uncertainty principle.

During their first night on Eden the astronauts awaken to discover that one of the planet's inhabitants has gotten into the engine room, started the generator and electrocuted itself on the power cables—which ironically demonstrates to the earthlings that they have electricity and that it may be possible to fix their ship. To make sure the Edenite is dead, the Engineer blasts it with the crew's one weapon. When they flip the being over, they discover its nature: "As from a gigantic, elongated oyster, a small two-armed trunk emerged between the thick, fleshy folds that closed winglike around it; dangling, its knotty fingers touched the floor. . . . [It had] a flat, eyeless face with gaping nostrils and something jagged, like a tongue bitten in two, in the place where a man's mouth would be." In other words, a symbol whose meaning shifts throughout the novel.

Duality defines *Eden*. The Doctor and the Engineer become the poles of the crew's struggle to come to terms with the unknowns surrounding them. Do they explore and try to communicate, or do they ready themselves for a fight and hurry to fix the ship so they can escape? Ironically, the Engineer plays Adam in Eden, naming the inhabitants "doublers."

As the crew works at its dual mission, its exploratory parties inevitably bump into different aspects of Eden's civilization. Lem's descriptions of what they find induce a disorientation similar to the crew's, what the Russian Formalists called "making things strange." In the end, very little of Eden is really explained.

The Captain disintegrates one doubler; the Engineer, in a battle tank called, with a touch of Pentagon whimsy, Defender, kills many when he drives into what seems like a battle among doublers. The Doctor adopts, or more accurately, is adopted by, one doubler who flees a city during what looks like a panic-driven stampede with no clear cause. Another doubler, an astronomer, walks through the passage that Defender blasts in the defensive hedge the Edenites have grown around the Earth ship and enters it. He eventually provides the crew, via elaborate but extremely loose computerized translations the Cyberneticist rigs up, with their sole sketchy picture of the inner workings of Eden's society.

Eden isn't exactly Paradise. After a century of dictators and palace coups, a nameless doubler rules the planet with an Orwellian control so total that he's erased even his existence from the language and memory of the inhabitants. As the doubler's computer translator scans it, "Binary relations. One thing. Known. Other thing. Unknown." The Cyberneticist glosses the computer's rough linguistic analogies: "The general information is that there is no central government. . . . But in reality there is a central government." The doubler then starkly explains the consequences of this disinformation: "The information that there is a central government. Who has it, is. Is not. Who has this information. Is, then is not."

Not surprisingly, the government has run genetic-engineering experiments on the population, which partly accounts for the wildly variable attributes of the doublers. Also not surprisingly, the controlled-mutation plan has retroactively been erased, along with Eden's ruler,

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from public discourse. But the abuse of information and language this represents has more general consequences. For instance, Eden's population has become self-policing, its prisons unguarded. As the doubler says via computer translation, "Microgroup voluntary. Interadhesion by compulsion, no. Pause. Each doubler against the microgroup. Chief relationship centripetal. The binding agent is anger. Pause. Who transgresses is punished. Punishment is microgroup voluntary identification."

Dystopias always point back to the here and now, and *Eden* is no exception. One obvious analogy is Stalinism—Lem is a Pole, after all. But another is Reaganism, which was characterized by curtailed public access to information, an epidemic of "mis-speaking" by government spokespeople, media complicity and the weary passivity of the populace. "Isolating, repressing, compelling without compelling—they've made a ghastly science of it," the Captain tells the Engineer. "It's not that they do not have names for things, and for the relations between things, but that the names they have are in fact false, are masks."

Eden ends with several ironies. The earthlings repair their ship, but the two doublers who've befriended them refuse to leave with them. Instead, they plant themselves close to the rocket's base so that the takeoff will incinerate them. As the Captain observes of the astronomer-doubler, "He preferred it to be us—and not them. That was all that we could do for him." Drawn into miscalculation and the consequent crash by Eden's unparalleled beauty as seen from space, marveling at it once again after they've taken off, the visitors to Eden remain powerless to affect it in any controllable way. As the Engineer tells his fellows:

> After what has happened, the possibility of peaceful contact, of coming to an understanding, is, it seems to me, extremely remote. Each of us, whether we like it or not, has his own concept of this world. Mine was that terrible things were going on here, and that we should intervene. . . . But I see now that each intervention on behalf of what we hold to be good and right will end the way our last excursion did: with the use of the annihilator. We can always justify ourselves, of course, argue self-defense, and so on—but instead of helping, we're destroying.

With such frightening, thoughtful precision, Lem's fantasy worlds come more and more to resemble our own. □

Unilateral Disarmament

ALFRED CORN

FORTRESS. *By Brenda Hillman. Wesleyan University Press. 72 pp. $18.50. Paper $10.95.*

In a recently published interview, Norman Mailer said that he and fellow writers used to think of older contemporaries as forts—there was Fort Hemingway, Fort Fitzgerald, Fort Faulkner, and so on. Although Mailer makes no mention of any "fortress," Brenda Hillman's second volume of poetry bears that designation. Thinking about forts and fortresses, one has to ask what is being defended, and who is attacking. Is any literary artist necessarily embattled, and why? Actually, a look at the condition of being besieged is just what we might have expected from the author of *White Dress*, published a few years ago, which introduced to us a consciousness at once vulnerable and capable of strong arraignments.

The long title sequence begins by observing a night watchman outside a busy liquor store and allows him, without tendentiousness, to stand for other visible and invisible conditions of policing and fortifying that surround us. The narrator shifts to a dreamlike, generalized perspective:

> Fortune's slaves are bored tonight;
> their houses glow like amber dice
> from deep inside the universe.
> A lady scratches at her payments.
> The man above her types till dawn.
> Blink goes the tower's dotted H
> outside the house,
> the flash and scallop of the bridge.
> Roar, the voices in the dungeon, on
> the phone to friends.

Except for two of the lines, this is all written in iambic tetrameter, as though meter itself were part of the policing action. The style of notation, though, recalls the marblelike surrealism of late Plath or Lowell's *The Dolphin*. Like those two poets, Brenda Hillman is concerned with the difficulties of the marital relationship, where, despite overlappings, partners face each other across battlements of differing temperaments and needs. As we read the title poem and others in the volume, Hillman's angle of vision becomes gradually clearer. The portrait of a besieged society emerges, a collection of members struggling with economic problems, interpersonal failures, mental illness, human estrangement from nature, and the question of art.

A strength of the book is that it has a markedly local character. We need only recall the names of Robert Hass, Alan Williamson and Anne Winters to recognize that the poetic center of gravity in the Bay Area has now definitely shifted from San Francisco to Berkeley. (Carolyn Kizer and Robert Pinsky moved away from Berkeley only recently, and even Thom Gunn, the major figure, teaches poetry there.) *Fortress* is over and over again a portrait of that cosmopolitan university town, where Telegraph Avenue, Tilden Park, Inspiration Point and Jewel Lake become, as Hillman writes about them, archetypal topologies.

"Bookstore," which must be about Cody's, is a mostly funny account of what it's like to be a clerk in the middle of a fortress of classics and other printed provender—customers in an aching state of book-need, the occasional naïve thief, a clerk's disdain aroused by some of the purchases. Then suddenly the atmosphere becomes threatening:

> Once I thought these books could
> talk,
> that they would, some nights, fall
> down from shelves
> onto their spines,
> and open up and read aloud to one
> another,
> and all the cacophony of that shared
> reading
> made one voice, the voice of huge
> blue unforgiving
> knowledge that had judged my life.

Another force of embattlement: feeling one's life accused by the accumulated analysis of tradition. That "blue unforgiving knowledge" is probably policeman's-uniform blue.

The narrator makes one excursion beyond Berkeley down to Anaheim in a poem titled "Broken Dreams." This adds substance to Hillman's theme, because of course the crenelations and turrets of Disneyland are a perfect, ironic figuration of the dream fortress glimpsed in other poems.

> From the glass-nosed train I see
> the broken submarines at port,
> and I recall the plaster mermaids
> floating in the coral,

Alfred Corn's most recent volume of poems is The West Door *(Penguin). Viking will soon publish a collection of essays edited by him,* Incarnation: Contemporary Writers on the New Testament.

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the fishgowns pulled above their
sloping breasts,
the turned-up fifties hair, the grins
like anchors as they guarded
Disney's treasure
heaped so uselessly
down there.

These mermaids manage to recall Prufrock's illusory sirens and Wagner's Rhinemaidens, as well as a feminist consciousness of lifeless stereotypes, while making an understated comment on American militarism. It is our love of illusion, illusion that has to be protected, that is at stake in this poem; but then, even the "Fortress" sequence had hinted at the same thing, since the night watchman was guarding a liquor store, and a later section of the poem is titled "Cocaine." Hillman's Americans will use the transparent fictions of the theme park, chemicals or fiction itself to avoid that reality that Eliot said humankind couldn't bear too much of. A consistent strategy in the book is to group the narrator with all the lovers of illusion rather than to portray her as above them. Irony, however, establishes the difference, as in this conclusion to "Broken Dreams":

so when the panel closed us out of
experience,
reality wore that same
sweet shabbiness;

it was never any deeper,
never less a replica than this.

"Canyon," the post-mortem of a relationship, has some of Hillman's most remarkable writing. Using the eucalyptus and fawns of Tilden Park as an entry, she begins to outline the contours of the joint personality created by two people at odds with the love they feel for each other.

Over the pods of eucalyptus
and the triplets of poison oak,
a spider drops down off the lupine
stalk,
tiny arthritic fingers touching,
as I cannot touch, anything at all:
it is neither subject nor object, it
has no separate
motions in its realm but lets itself
gently down
into the notch and crack of the
inexpressible. . . .

We were too thin and awkward,
my hair curled sideways, like a
violin;
I hated the incorporeal except
when it reminded us—
with its jabbing, central pain—
how well

the body sees ("vague California
mysticism," you said);

I loved the hills because they had
no body
but their stumps and fawns,
and they improved in their
desolation,

the grasses, turning San Quentin
yellow,
and imagined our clarity as a series
of white shadows,
fawn's spots, lacunae of the spirit
where our blindness met the blindness of the world.

This is the sort of blindness, however, that brings insight with it, and, moreover, a language as inventive as it is astringent. The title, *Fortress*, has its ironic dimension also. Personal disclosure throughout the volume amounts to unilateral disarmament on the part of the poet, a breaching of the walls that divide us from the truth and from one another. □

THEATER.

JENNIFER WICKE

The Screens

The recent production of Jean Genet's *The Screens* (*Les Paravents*) at the Guthrie Theater in Minneapolis (October 24–November 19, 1989) was a landmark in American theater and the first return to the United States of Genet's last play since the Chelsea Theater Center staged it in 1971. Set during the Algerian revolution and not produced in France until 1966, when that revolution was complete, today *The Screens* cannot help but be seen against the backdrop of the Palestinian *intifada*, now entering its third year. Genet's play resonates to this current uprising, and under the superb direction of JoAnne Akalaitis it is an unforgettable and urgent contemporary experience.

Frantz Fanon called the Algerian war "the most hallucinatory war that any people has ever waged to smash colonial aggression," and *The Screens* offers a hallucinatory spectacle, virtually operatic in its fusion of language, music, dance and theater, that is given meticulous realization by the Guthrie production. At the heart of the play is the "nettle" family, so called because nettles grow only in the harshest and most scabrous dumps: the thief Saïd, his Mother and his unloved wife, Leila. The play traces their progress through the awakening revolt, and also charts the fortunes of the whores and villagers, the *colons* and French army, the F.L.N. soldiers and the local government as the struggle inexorably grows. Saïd and his family become ever more marginal; the Mother dies in the act of killing a French soldier, while Leila fades away and Saïd betrays the revolt. The play shuttles in its seventeen scenes between the living and the dead, the present and the past, Algeria and France, until both time and space are blurred.

The nearly five hours of the play's performance are vigorously choreographed, alternately searing and funky, a visual carnival as well as a horror show, pulsing with the onstage music of the extraordinary Electric Arab Orchestra. As Genet intended, this spectacle is part baroque harlequinade, part sordid realism. The audience space is interpenetrated by these movements; the actors swarm in the aisles, stream past as they gird for combat, sit nonchalantly among the audience as colonial spectators or rush to escape from the intolerable events onstage, threading the ennui and the rage of each side of the conflict through the permeable, and thus complicit, rows of theatergoers. "I'm obliged to tell you that even to knock off an infidel one has to engage in such theatrical labor that one cannot be both actor and director," the French lieutenant comments. The painstaking theatrical labor that makes this production so important figures also in the politics of representation *The Screens* investigates: Can the language of a play transform political reality without sacrificing art for politics?

The metaphor for this problem is placed at center stage, in the movable screens that appear and disappear. The screens are used to articulate changes of scene, to call attention to the theatricality of the play's events, as when the burning of the colonists' orange trees and roses is drawn on the screens by the actors playing Algerians, and also to create the boundary between the worlds of the living and the dead: The realm of the dead is entered as characters burst through white paper screens. In the Guthrie production this realm is literally overhead. The actors penetrate the screens to walk on a netting suspended above the stage, where they bounce about softly like trapeze artists or trampolinists, occupying the ceiling space as theatrical territory. Akalaitis's direction is wonderfully

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attuned to the multiplicity of possible "screenings" and exploits the theatrical space to maximum effect.

The play takes it as a given that colonization is death, and that as such it must be overturned; what remains to be decided is how that war can be waged without surrendering individual freedom to a collective politics that inevitably mirrors the structures of colonization. Making the revolution safe for the whores, the thieves, the artists—above all, the wretched of the earth—that is the premise of *The Screens*, articulated around the unpromising figure of Saïd.

While Saïd's treachery is advanced by the play philosophically as the only existential mode for escaping both the unspeakable violence of colonial oppression and the unavoidable regimentations and falsities of revolutionary politics, Saïd's Mother emerges as the core of resistance in the play as well as in the Guthrie production, incarnated as she is by Ruth Maleczech in a stunning performance. Scorned by the townswomen for her evil son, for her intransigent poverty and for her refusal to adopt either the traditional social forms or the new militancy of the revolt, this Mother is driven on by an enormous Laughter, a humor so calloused by neglect and oppression that it becomes the ultimate defiance, the ultimate weapon. "Hello! I'm Laughter—not just any laughter, but the kind that appears when all goes wrong," she declares to the moon. Genet restores humor to its central place in revolution, what Fanon describes as "the humor which is a rigorous appraisal of events . . . unperceived by the occupier." The Mother laughs alone.

There are no father roles on the Arab side of the play, and only ineffectual or death-dealing ones among the colonials; the Mother occupies pride of place in the struggle, not triumphally but by her sheer, unconquerable ordinariness. Her exhortation to her son is the prescription for resistance on all fronts: "Don't serve any purpose whatever." Leila, her daughter-in-law, also perversely survives through her total abjection. In the supple portrayal by Lauren Tom, Leila, so ugly she wears a complete black veil and hood with slits for eyes, enters her debasement and finds within it a transcendent resistance, as a stark hieroglyphic of misery and a hilariously Rabelaisian voice. Against this powerful duo, it seems, Saïd perforce recedes, despite his centrality to the argumentative surface of the play, and Jesse Borrego vividly dances the part of this almost invisible, shabby traitor who refuses the call to arms and yet who, in his acts of theft, is equally intolerable to the colonial regime. The irresolvable contradictions of the play come to swirl about him; Saïd gives voice to those most oppressed, and yet must betray the resistance to avoid being absorbed by it. His Mother hopes for him to die into the extrapolitical world she comes to know; instead, he ironically vanishes into a revolutionary song, a piece of political art against his will.

The authenticity of artifice is given full exposition in the pivotal brothel scenes; the world of art and freedom is embodied by the two main whores, Warda and Malika, who have made whoredom their metaphysics of existence. Warda is a gloriously surrealistic figure in an immense gold lamé gown, and Lola Pashalinski performs her as a monumentally weary gorgon of artifice, a self-made artist of prostitution. Malika, taut in a fuchsia neoprene minidress with a vulval gash of embroidered lime, argues out the political consequences of whoredom in this transfigured landscape, and presides over Warda's demise when the revolutionaries adopt the puritanism of their colonial enemies. Shawn Judge gives Malika a compelling passion. These sections of the play invoke Genet's *fin de siècle* sensibilities and the trashy, transcendent demimonde of his novels, where the transgressive power of artifice and sexuality are deployed to the fullest.

The whores are crucially balanced by the townswomen, whose most heroic and exemplary spokeswoman is Kadidja, played by Isabell Monk. Her call to revolutionary defiance is the signal that the revolution has indeed begun, in the sense that it has now become, ineluctably, the struggle of the women. Both alive and dead, Kadidja keeps up her counsel for unremittingly reciprocated violence, at the same time that she also calls down violence on Saïd's family and the whores as well. No portraits in this play are unequivocal, and none are psychologically "realistic"; the audience can never purge itself of its anxieties and fears by cathecting or idealizing any of these characters. The uncompromising vision of the play suggests that it is in the demand for narrative heroics, sentimentalized rhetoric and political dogmatism that the revolutionary impulse is destroyed. The immense pity and fear that the play tragically conjures is also made alienating and horrific by the total absence of identifi-

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cation. We are asked not to sympathize but to think.

In accordance with this dispassionate logic, the primary lovers of beauty in the play are the colonists and the French soldiers who undergird their domination. Sir Harold and Mr. Blankensee represent nineteenth- and twentieth-century aspects of colonialism; the latter is fixated on the beauty of his rose garden, his justification for the presence of the French in Algeria ("to tamper with roses is to tamper with language"), while Sir Harold, dressed as a grotesque blend of circus ringmaster and transvestite teetering on enormous platform boots, upholds the legitimacy of the colonial regime by his fantasies of control, writ large in the enormous glove he suspends over the orange groves worked by the Algerians. A virtual colonial chorus observes the unfolding events before they too are dispatched; it is their monopoly on "beauty" that convinces them of their right to stay ("What will they build on? . . . Their only memories are of poverty and humiliation"). The French military is locked with its adversaries in a homoeroticized duet of beauty; the cosmeticized Lieutenant insists on the beauty necessary to both sides in combat ("Otherwise . . . you'd have waged war and made love only with rats"). One of the play's many riveting moments comes as he delivers a declaration of love to his Sergeant (Stephen Pelinski), the perfect killing machine, who exacts equally lustful homage from the audience as he stands before us with his fly open, a blazingly blond G.I. Joe with sexily cruel mirror sunglasses.

There are some *longueurs* in *The Screens*, some inherent in Genet's inability to end the play, some the result of sustaining such a punishing theatrical milieu over the course of five hours. The Guthrie production addressed this difficulty by interspersing a well-meant dinner break featuring Algerian foods. A Palestinian companion muttered dourly as we headed for the food line, "I've had the worst meals of my life in Algeria." The ending of the play, as the "dead" trail off from their overhead realm, is also somewhat anticlimactic; the ultimate disappearance of Saïd becomes less a question of the stakes of individual authenticity than a desire for everyone to get offstage so the audience can go home.

The elision from the Algerian revolution to the present situation of the Palestinians is echoed in Genet's own work; he died in 1986 just as he was finishing his book on the Palestinian people, *Prisoner of Love*. Another screen has been inserted in the theatrics of revolution for us all now: the television screen that brings us the evanescent and yet threatening documentation of a revolt in progress. Genet's play speaks to the transforming power of the screen of representation, which acts as a mirror. *The Screens* sets up just such a mirror to the disintegration of empire and the dissolving certainties of cultural superiority in which we ourselves are reflected, and it offers as well a more sustained treatment of a non-European perspective than virtually any other Western theatrical production. Here the difference between *The Screens* and the Orientalist extravaganzas of Peter Brook and others is rigorously dramatized: This is not a spectacle of otherness but the history we too have made. Those are compelling reasons to revive this magnificent production in New York. □

FILMS.

STUART KLAWANS

The Handmaid's Tale
Too Beautiful for You
House Party
To Protect Mother Earth

Whether you look at them one at a time or string them together so they seem to move, photographs are the most circumstantial of pictures. They bear witness to the time and place of their making, to whatever objects happened to be before the lens; and though the markings of that genesis may be disguised, they can never be utterly erased. John Szarkowski referred to this aspect of photography when he wrote about "the medium's uncompromising specificity. If allowed to follow its natural bent, the camera described not Man but men, not Nature but countless precise biological and geological facts." No wonder, then, that a stage magician, Georges Méliès, should have figured so greatly in the development of film. He knew how to fool the eye. Without that talent for overcoming the camera's literal-mindedness, there can be no narrative cinema.

All of which is just my way of guessing why Volker Schlöndorff is less than ideal as the director of *The Handmaid's Tale*. His film is remarkably faithful to Margaret Atwood's novel of the same name, both in its details and its tone; so if all you want is a visualization of the story, you might well be satisfied. There is the high-school gym, where the theocratic Republic of Gilead confines and brainwashes its few fertile women. There is the Commander's house, filled with folk art and flowers, surrounded by roadblocks and searchlights. And there is Offred (formerly Kate) in her handmaid's uniform, forced to serve as the Commander's childbearing concubine. As in the novel, this situation seems at times to be hilariously overstated, like a feminist "Modest Proposal," while at other times it becomes grimly serious. To have put that much on the screen is a real achievement (which Schlöndorff shares with the screenwriter, Harold Pinter, and with Jennifer Bartlett, who helped with the design). The only trouble is, the film is no fun to watch.

Since the getting and giving of pleasure is one of Atwood's themes, that's a pretty big problem. Atwood herself gives pleasure by suggesting and teasing, by stringing the reader along. But Schlöndorff declaims. By the time he tells you anything, you've already heard too much about it. Perhaps the reason for this difference lies in the situations of the two authors. Whereas Atwood is a feminist who addresses herself to other women (with those of us who bear Y chromosomes allowed to listen in), Schlöndorff is a man who has adopted a feminist message, which he broadcasts as widely as possible. The result is a net loss of a few dozen layers of irony. To my mind, though, the main problem lies in Schlöndorff's inability to get the filmed world to stop being just a bunch of facts.

Perhaps Lizzie Borden should have directed the movie. She's deft and funny and knows about dystopias, as you can see from *Born in Flames*. Or perhaps a flat-out schlock attack would have worked, as in Barry Shear's fear-of-teens classic, *Wild in the Streets*. But Schlöndorff was in charge, directing *The Handmaid's Tale* in the point-and-shoot method. The camera describes not Woman but Natasha Richardson, not Society but a crowd of extras running around Durham, North Carolina. Sporadically, the movie does manage to evoke something beyond what's in front of your eyes (as in the scene of a childbirth ritual or during Offred's visit to her nation's last remaining brothel). Most of the time, though, people come and go before an indif-

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ferent lens, which records their coming and going.

That's no fault of the actors, who are well chosen and turn in fine performances. Robert Duvall plays the Commander; Faye Dunaway is his wife, Serena Joy; Aidan Quinn is the chauffeur, Nick; and Natasha Richardson tops them all as Kate/Offred. It's not simply that she's intelligent—lots of actors are—but that her intelligence reads so clearly on the screen, even when she stoops to mugging. Faced with some incredible pomposity of the Commander's but powerless to contradict him, she flatly echoes his words, meanwhile twisting her mouth and rolling her eyes as she cheats toward the camera. She's too smart for him; just as, for the most part, she's too smart for the movie she's in.

Fortunately, Bertrand Blier's *Too Beautiful for You* has just hit the movie houses, bringing with it a visual antidote to Schlöndorff. With the camera probing and circling to the accompaniment of Schubert, shooting at every turn through layers of glass, this droll fable turns into a dance of romantic fantasies, with each character's feelings refracted and multiplied, shattered and reassembled.

Gerard Depardieu, looking chubby in a baggy double-breasted suit, plays a prosperous BMW dealer who has the good fortune of being married to Carole Bouquet. Ideally beautiful, socially impeccable, faultless as a homemaker and mother, she is a gleaming, fine-tuned luxury car of a wife. So Depardieu falls in love at first sight with his temporary secretary, a rather dowdy, unmistakably middle-aged woman played by Josiane Balasko. All of this happens within perhaps the first three minutes of the film. The rest is a matter of role-playing, hallucination and heartbreak, as wife and mistress, husband and boyfriend, rich and poor switch places. Always, no matter what stage of the drama they're undergoing, the characters are pursued by Schubert's music, the aural embodiment of a beauty too great to bear.

Since the film is hardly what you'd call goal-oriented, I don't think I'm giving anything away by revealing that Depardieu ends up in the parking lot of a cheap motel, alone, protesting his fate to God (or to the writer-director who has put him through all this trouble). Addressing himself to the camera, he shouts, "Your Schubert makes me puke!" At that point, I actually felt sorry for him—though I wouldn't have wanted to miss a minute of his agony.

This year's U.S. Film Festival gave us a clean sweep by black independent filmmakers: *Chameleon Street* by Wendell Harris, *To Sleep With Anger* by Charles Burnett and *House Party* by Reginald Hudlin. While the first two await distribution (no easy matter, given Harris's and Burnett's unorthodox styles), the ingratiating *House Party* has now been released.

House Party was produced by Hudlin's brother Warrington, a filmmaker in his own right and co-founder of the Black Filmmaker Foundation. In most enlightened quarters, he is regarded as something of a hero. Reginald, meanwhile, has been waiting for a half-dozen years for his breakthrough as a writer and director, having caught people's attention with an early, student version of *House Party* and with the hilariously tacky short film *Reggie's World of Soul*. Now the Hudlin brothers finally have made it into mainstream distribution with a movie that's bright, cheerful, funny and occasionally acerbic. It should be a big hit, which both pleases and troubles me.

The story, if you haven't guessed, is about teenagers holding a party. Kid (Christopher Reid) is a would-be rapper with a topiary haircut of extreme proportions. His hard-working father (Robin Harris, lately of *Do the Right Thing*) has grounded him. But kids will be kids, and African-American teenagers will hold loud, lively parties, and love will blossom between Kid and either Sidney (Tisha Campbell) or Sharane (A.J. Johnson). There's music, dancing, hit-or-miss jokes and a lot of useful morals for the audience to take home. Without their being too big a pain about it, the Hudlin brothers tell young people to respect their parents, use birth control, avoid heavy drinking, go to college and love one another's brains as well as their bodies.

Here's another useful moral: Homosexuality does not kill. AIDS does, and with each year it carries off more and more black people, gay and straight alike. Unfortunately, the Hudlin brothers forgot to put that lesson into *House Party*. Instead, about three-quarters of the way through the film, they have Kid perform a rap number about AIDS that's about as homophobic as a Jesse Helms rally. Of course, you could argue that Kid has been portrayed as good-natured but a little parochial; so in this scene, he's just behaving realistically. But the Hudlins have

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wised him up about a lot of other matters during the party. Just about the only socially progressive attitude he does *not* learn is that it's wrong to call people faggots.

So my heart sank. I'm still rooting for the Hudlin brothers. I hope they prosper; but I can't enjoy their movie.

I didn't enjoy Joel L. Freedman's new movie, either, but then I wasn't supposed to. He wants to make the viewer angry and impatient, and in that he succeeds splendidly.

The sequel to *Broken Treaty at Battle Mountain*, Freedman's *To Protect Mother Earth* is an hourlong documentary about the Western Shoshone, a nation of hunters, gatherers and ranchers who have title to 24 million acres of Nevada. That, at least, is what it says in the 1863 Treaty of Ruby Valley. But now the U.S. government wants the land for its own purposes—dumping nuclear waste, testing atom bombs, strip mining, all the usual—and so it has discovered that the treaty was invalidated. This invalidation, as the government's lawyers describe it, always happens in the passive mood and at some unspecified time in the past. The government has no recourse, then, except to compensate the Western Shoshone, at a rate the Indian Claims Commission has set at 1872 prices. Since the tribe refuses to part with the land at any price, the Interior Department, acting as the Western Shoshone's trustee, has sold the acreage to itself, thus casting its wards as trespassers on land they have occupied for as long as anyone can remember.

That's the situation when the film begins, and at the end, it's the same. *To Protect Mother Earth* is not a film for optimists. But in its rather old-fashioned, straightforward manner, the movie rewards viewers by bringing them close to the Western Shoshone, and in particular to Carrie and Mary Dann, ranchers who were principals in a lawsuit that reached the Supreme Court. Through the Danns, you get a sense of a world view and a way of life that have survived till now despite being incomprehensible to the dominant culture. Committed to the belief that their land is a living creature and therefore cannot be sold, the Danns stubbornly resist not just the government but the reductive, rape-and-plunder mind-set for which the government is an agent. What makes the Danns all the more impressive in this resistance is that they have no reserves of eloquence or personal magnetism. Plain-spoken, ordinary women, they come before the camera as if they were just another pair of facts, glimpsed at random; and yet, by their force of conviction and Joel Freedman's skill, they gradually take on a role they claim for humans in general. They are the one part of the landscape that can speak up for all the rest.

By the time this sees print, *To Protect Mother Earth* will have ended its brief run at New York's Anthology Film Archives. Such are the inconveniences of deadlines. The best I can do for interested parties is to refer them to the film's distributor, Cinnamon Productions, at 508 Broadway, New York, NY 10012.

Here is news of some other presentations that don't quite fit the schedule:

Through May 13, Anthology Film Archives will show a series titled *Czech Modernism: 1900–1945*. Organized under the auspices of Houston's Museum of Fine Arts, with the cooperation of the Czechoslovak Film Archive, the exhibition also will be shown this year in Akron and Cleveland, Ohio; Rochester, New York; Berkeley, California; and Boston. The very least of its revelations is that, between the wars, Vaclav Havel's uncle owned the Lucerna Cinema in Prague.

Through March 22, New York's Public Theatre will be showing *Moving Pictures: Films by Photographers*, an exhibition organized and circulated by the American Federation of Arts. A national tour will follow. The seven well-chosen programs range from the plastic and abstract (as in Man Ray's *Le Retour à la Raison*) to the journalistic (as in Cartier-Bresson's 1945 *Le Retour*).

Returning to where we began: The Museum of Modern Art, in conjunction with John Szarkowski's exhibition "Photography Until Now," is presenting a series of films about the photographer's image in motion pictures. Almost everything in the series is sure to please; but the one screening I especially recommend, if you happen to be in New York, is the program that includes *Nostalgia* (1971) by Hollis Frampton.

Though my list of favorite films is as changeable as the moon, *Nostalgia* somehow always shows up in the top ten. It provides pretty much everything you could want in a movie: laughter and pathos and suspense, visual pleasure, memorable characters, a sense of formal inventiveness—all this in a mere thirty-six minutes, and with an economy of means that's staggering. On view at MoMA, April 3 and May 22. □

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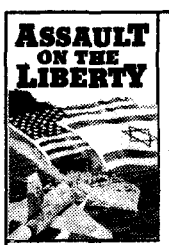

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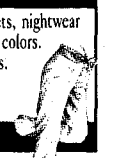

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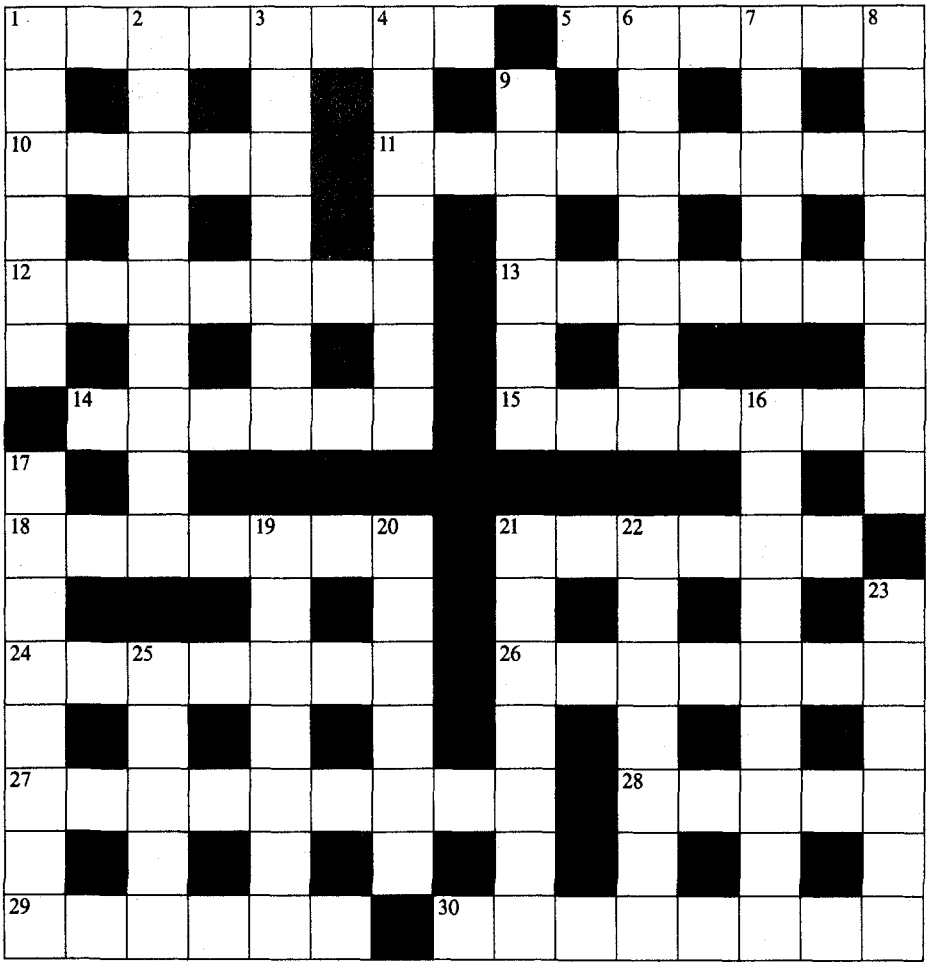

ACROSS

1 and 10 A man may have such a problem, being in favor of public power and government's capital property. (8,5)
5 Held by one in power but not on what one might slip on. (6)
10 See 1 across
11 One may be dissolute, and yet find the tribe upset when formed in line. (9)
12 Where spectators might like to be to make a type of picture with parts reversed. (2,5)
13 Get huge results from a murderous practice! (7)
14 A surge of these could be boring! (6)
15 and 23 down One doesn't necessarily pursue a *high point in church* when one runs *all around* the country. (13)
18 and 21 Lacking transportation implies an absence of concrete evidence here. (7,2,2,2)
24 See 8 down
26 A frightening word? I hear, are his sort rather rude? (7)
27 Free of restraint. (9)
28 Basic parts of the sun itself! (5)
29 Where is my wandering boy tonight? Possibly here, when he lost out! (Certain not proper hotels!) (6)
30 A foolish person might have sores breaking out, with one possibly calling for fine judgment. (8)

DOWN

1 Evidently Margaret isn't at home with what someone tries to do at cribbage. (3,3)
2 To your credit, perhaps, upon your telling your story? (2,7)
3 That little fellow from Warsaw might someday be quite a jumper! (7)
6 and 4 In favor of air being given to those who might have kissed behind the counter—though they could indicate the future perfect. (7,7)
7 With this over, the roads might be dangerous. (5)
8 and 24 across He was certainly taken by the Christmas spirit! (8,7)
9 Lessens the effect when the water rises around a typical fly-by-night. (6)
16 The professional types are about to "understand," *that is, being young and talented.* (9)
17 Because it is not out anymore? (8)
19 Press time—very early. (4,3)
20 Attic dwellers. (6)
21 The projecting identifier allows the construction of pads, perhaps. (7)
22 A mixture of glue around a high-ball? Any one of them shows it's a small small world! (7)
23 See 15 across
25 Coming up this, it's supposed to bode well. (5)

PUZZLED?

No more cross words. If you don't see why "Lures" are "Ground Rules," send for those of Mr. Lewis to *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

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